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The Horrible

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LEADING FEATURES.

TENANTS OF AN OLD
FARM. - By H. C. McCook.

A STORY FOR
VALENTINE WEEK.
NATIONAL EDUCATION.

By A. W. Tourgée.



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CONTENTS--February 20, 1884.

Tenants of an Old Farm. Chapter VIII. <i>Henry C. McCook</i> . . . 235	Enduring the War. <i>Wilton Burton</i> . . . 244
Illustrations by Dan. C. Beard, H. B. McCarter, Edwin Sheppard and Mary K. Trotter: Ancient Cave Dwellers--Turret Spider's Nest and Tower--Cave Dwellers, Ancient and Modern--Pick-a-Back, a Mother Spider and Her Brood--Seaside Residence of Turret Spider--Cotton-lined Nest of Turret Spider--She had so many children she didn't know what to do.	National Education. <i>A. W. Tourgée</i> . . . 246
Equilibrium. Poem. <i>Robert Elliott</i> . . . 230	The What-to-Do Club. Chap. XXIX. <i>Helen Campbell</i> . . . 248
Annie's Lovers. A Story for Valentine Week. <i>George R. Martin</i> . . . 231	Migma. <i>Editorial</i> . . . 251
Krac--A Missing Link. 240	Our Anniversary--An Irate Michigander--Irish and Scotch Banks--A Hunt for Words.
Illustration drawn by Benj. Lander, from a Photograph.	The Bookshelf. 253
The Friend of the Dyak. <i>James M. Ozley</i> . . . 241	Health in the Household--Fruit and Bread.
	Notes. 254
	In Lighter Vein. 256
	A Valentine--Illustrated.

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ANCIENT CAVE-DWELLERS. [FROM RAU'S "EARLY MAN IN EUROPE." HARPER'S.]

TENANTS OF AN OLD FARM.

BY HENRY C. MCCOOK.

CHAPTER VIII.

INSECT TROGLODYTES.

ONE of our favorite walks, during these autumn days, leads across the meadow, down the hill-slope, over the brooklet, and so, by a rocky steep beyond, through a thick woods to the banks of Crum creek. On the occasion of which I am now to write my companion was

an elderly clerical friend, the Rev. Dr. Goodmah. The Doctor is a noble example of the old-time clergyman. His tall, sturdy frame, scarcely bowed by his seventy years, is always robed in becoming black, never, in any contingency, omitting the indispensable dress-coat. His full curly white hairs fall upon his neck beneath a broad-brimmed black hat, a compromise between the

Quaker pattern and a Yankee wide-awake. His strong, benignant face is clean-shaved, and his well-turned chin, just verging upon the "double," is lifted above a broad, white choker, between the wide-apart points of an old-fashioned standing collar. In these latter days his waistcoat has expanded somewhat above a growing rotundity, and beneath it a goodly fobchain protrudes. The gold watch to which it dangles, and the portly gold-headed cane which he carries, are both the gifts of his warmly-attached parishioners. His salary is modest enough, though somewhat more generous than Goldsmith's parson, "passing rich with forty pounds a year;" but as his church owns a cozy manse and ample glebe, he lives contentedly and even comfortably, with his wife and two daughters. His home is at Marple, six miles across the hills, and he has driven over to spend a night at the Old Farm and renew a pleasant friendship formed during seasons when one summer had been spent within his parish.

As his rumbling old carryall turned down our avenue behind the fat, chestnut bay horse whose lazy jog-trot is known through all the country side, the familiar sight stirred up very pleasant thoughts.

"My dear Doctor," I exclaimed, greeting him at the gate, "you are welcome, indeed! To what fair fortune are we indebted for this pleasant surprise?"

The good minister was altogether too guileless to ward off this direct query without uncovering the truth. He blushed, hesitated and glanced appealingly at the Mistress, who had now joined in the greeting.

"Ah! I see how it is," I said, coming to the relief of the embarrassed parties; "another conspiracy in my behoof!"

"Just so, just so!" exclaimed the Doctor, nodding his head with unction, while his face beamed with a happy smile. "And I'm heartily glad the cat's out of the bag, although I suspect *this* particular cat is a very harmless kitten! However, it's all right now, and I've come to spend the evening with you."

So I knew that the hand of the little Mistress, the true guardian angel of those invalid days, had touched the spring that moved the Doctor hitherward; as, indeed, it had similarly done on so many kindred occasions.

The Doctor, like most of his profession, has always had an intelligent interest in natural science, and, moreover, cultivated a speciality in ethnology and archeology. He is deep in the problem of man's antiquity; and what with works on "Preadamites," "Cave-Hunting," "The Epoch of the Mammoth," "The Story of Earth and Man," "The Races of Man," etc., has a busy time in keeping his friends of the modern school in harmony with his older friends of the Usherian Bible chronology. He brought over with him, on his present visit, a recent work on "Early Man in Europe," which we had abundantly (not to say thoroughly) discussed during the evening after the lamps had been lit and a fire kindled on the hearth. "Just for the wee bit blinkin' of the ingle," wife said, "and to mellow the night chill of the advancing fall." The frontispiece of the Doctor's book is some ideal scene of troglodytic life. It is a night's scene: A fire is burning in front of a rocky cavern, around which the dusky forms of a primitive family are grouped; a full moon shines in the background, and in the foreground a pack of hungry wolves are pushing up over the rocks as near as they dare come to the fire, which thus, in more than one sense, protects the unconscious cave-men. The picture, at least, succeeded in stirring up the imagination of our Mistress and the inquisitive schoolma'am,

so that the Doctor had full room to expand upon his favorite theme.

"Well, Doctor," I said, when we had finished morning worship, "I have something to show you down here that will gratify your antiquarian interest in your fellow-men. Moreover, I think I can put you on the trail of a race of troglodytes of even more ancient descent than those of whom you told us last night."

"Indeed! But—tut! you are trying to quiz me, I see."

"Not in the least; get your hat and cane, and let us walk over to the creek; you shall judge if I am not in good earnest."

"Well, well, I confess that I am incredulous still; but it's a fine morning for a walk, at any rate, and there's nothing gives such interest to a journey as some pleasant motive and destination."

"There's a deal of deep philosophy in that remark," continued the good man after a pause, during which he had arrayed himself for the excursion, "a philosophy that one does well to apply to all the pilgrimage of this life and its final destination, which I hope may be a happy one for us all. Ah! excuse me, I really did not mean to preach!" And he did not, for the blush mantled his face, and he looked askance at me as though anticipating my displeasure. We were now fairly afield, and our thoughts turned again upon the troglodytes.

"There is one thing," I said, "that puzzles me in your view of the early cave-men. May I ask how you reconcile it with your belief as to the condition of the original pair of Eden?"

"To be sure! There's no contradiction at all. Adam and Eve were very primitive, indeed, in their habits. Their moral nature was unclouded—therein lay their original perfectness. They were civilized men in that respect; in other particulars they simply had the rudiments of civilization. With natural intelligence such as man now possesses, with knowledge of fire, and situated in a soft and congenial climate, they rapidly developed, as we see in the family of Cain, the arts of herding, music, and smelting metals."

"Well, but were they troglodytes? Did they have those horrible struggles with the wild beasts of the earth hinted at in your book?"

"Certainly not; their environment saved them from such necessities. But then some of their posterity, as they scattered over the earth, relapsed from many of the acquired arts of civilized men, as they became vicious in morals, and falling upon adverse surroundings, it is not strange that they should have been troglodytes or cave-men of the rudest type—quite as savage as tribes of which we know to-day. But—pray, what is this? A grave, here in the meadow?"

We had been quietly jogging along the path, and now stopped beside a marble slab fixed in the midst of the field, that might easily have been taken for a gravestone. It was eighteen inches in height, six in thickness and seven in width. It sloped with the descent of the hill, and around its base clumps of grass, clover and sheep-straw had gathered.

The Doctor lost no time in donning his spectacles, and kneeling down beside the stone read the inscription:

"JANE TOWNES. CAVE AND DWELLING, 1685."

"This is your antiquarian rarity, is it?" he asked, rising. "It is certainly worth seeing; and now let us have its story, although I could guess the nature of it. I believe the name is that of one of our good old Quaker families, and the date carries us so near to the era of

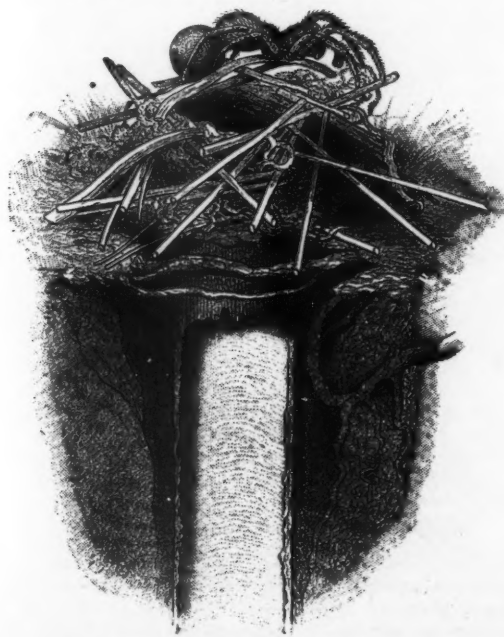
the settlement of our state that I readily conjecture the fact here commemorated."

"Yes, I see that you have easily guessed the truth, although it is often puzzling enough to those less familiar with our pioneer history. This farm was first brought under culture by Jane Townes, one of the early Quaker emigrants, who, with her three sons, came over to Friend William Penn's colony soon after the great founder's landing. On this spot they made their first dwelling; they dug into the slope of the hill just here, threw out rough supports much like the props in a coal drift, and banked up the whole, thus making what was known as a 'cave.' Here the widow with her sons lived until timber could be cut from the thick woods that covered the site, and hewn and builded into a log house. One of her descendants had this cave-stone erected to mark the site of what was the first home of a white family in this neighborhood. The present stone farm-house has not yet seen its first century, having been built A. D. 1792."

"Well, well! That was a courageous woman, certainly, and her pluck deserves a much better monument. However, I have no doubt she and her boys enjoyed their rude life quite as much as their descendants do these days of civilized abundance. There is a streak of the nomad in most men. Where was ever the boy who didn't long for a Robinson Crusoe's cave? There was always a fascination for me, when a lad in Ohio, in certain caves among the rocky masses of the Little Beaver. In those days the chief charm of a fishing jaunt was the fire and the noon lunch in caverns or under jutting rocks. I am sure that I should have



CAVE-DWELLERS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.



TURRET SPIDER'S NEST AND TOWER.

greatly enjoyed those old pioneer days, so I will waste no pity on the hardships of good Jane Townes. But I must claim the other part of your promise. Where are the traces of those cave-men more ancient than the men of the Dordogne? I am eager to inspect them."

"Not so fast, Doctor. I did, indeed, promise you a sight of most ancient cave dwellers, but I said not a word of cave-men. My troglodytes are of the insect world, and, see there! Your foot has well nigh trodden upon the entrance to one of them."

The Doctor started back suddenly and looked downward. I stooped at his side and pointed out a little structure of straw that marked the cave of a turret spider, *Tarantula Arenicola*.

"Come, my good friend," I continued, "don your spectacles once more and join me in this search. Here is one of my ancient cave-dwellers, and I warrant that their ancestors were here to gaze in dumb wonder at the intruding cave dwelling and log cabin of the Quaker pioneers."

"Ah, you rogue!" said the Doctor, as he adjusted his glasses, "you quite deceived me, I confess; but I pardon you in advance, for I dare say that you will abundantly reward my curiosity, although in another direction."

The object to which our attention was directed resembled in miniature a chimney of mud and sticks, such as one may see upon log huts on the frontier. A circular opening in the ground an inch wide was sunk downward quite out of sight. Around this on the surface was built, in the form of an irregular pentagon,

a little chimney or turret, composed chiefly of bits of grass-straw and stalks of weeds, crossed at the corners and raised one above another to the height of nearly two inches. The inside of this tube was lined with a thin sheeting of silken web which was carried for a little distance below the surface. Particles of earth were intermingled with the sticks.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed the Doctor, "that this is the nest of a spider?"

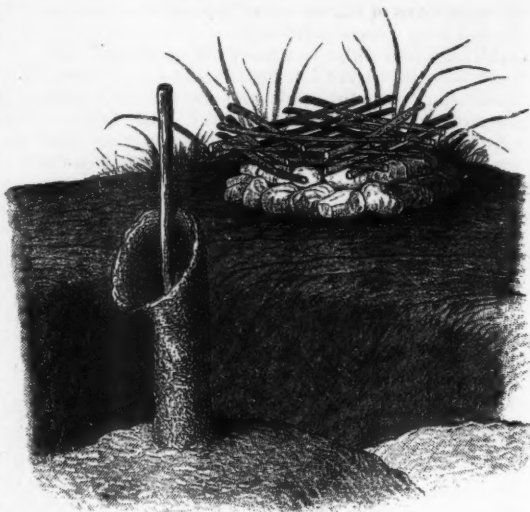
"You shall see for yourself," I answered, "for I have brought with me the means for exploring the interior of our cave-dweller's home. But first we may as well save this part of the nest as a specimen for our cabinet."

I filled the turret with a tuft of cotton to prevent it from breaking up under the handling, then carefully cut it away from the surface with a large knife and laid it in a paper box. Next I quite filled up the hole, which extended ten inches straight downward, with cotton, which was gently pushed down with a stick.

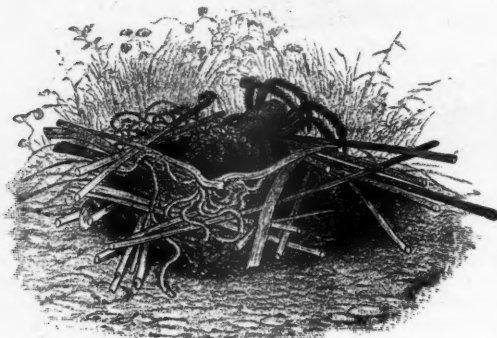
"Pray why do you do that?" asked the Doctor.

"I have three purposes: one is to prevent the broken soil from falling in upon the spider who is down there at the bottom of the cave; another is to mark the track of the tube as the earth is cut away; a third to prevent the spider's escape.

"By the way, I was once led upon an interesting ob-



SEASIDE RESIDENCE OF TURRET SPIDER.



PICK-A-BACK—A MOTHER SPIDER AND HER BROOD.

servation by this mode of filling up the burrows. Having a desire to keep a turret spider under close study, I cut out a burrow and took it home, preserved entire in the midst of the sod in which it had been dug. The spider was shut in by the cotton forced into the opening, and was kept in by a cotton plug in the lower part of the tube. Having snugly domiciled the exile by inserting her nest into fresh soil and sod packed in a half-keg, I removed the cotton from the upper part of the burrow, and left the occupant to work according to her own fancy. I was compelled to be absent for three days, and when I left home the spider was engaged in pulling out the cotton plug which had been placed in the bottom of the tube. Several pellets were already scattered around the turret. On my return I found the tower strangely transformed; the whole interior was lined with the cotton, which extended an inch or more below the surface and lipped over the top-wall. This novel lining was laid on as smoothly as though done by the delicate hand of an upholsterer."

"Very strange, indeed!" the Doctor exclaimed. "A most admirable instinct! Although, perhaps, it is hardly after the manner of what I have thought an in-

stinctive act to be. Certainly there could have been no hereditary tendency to such a use of the cotton fibre. What think you?"

"Undoubtedly our spider had come upon new experience and readily adapted herself to it. It is impossible to think that she ever before had knowledge of cotton and its uses for wadding. Her first purpose was evidently to remove the material from her burrow; but by the contact of her highly sensitive feet and mouth organs with the soft fabric the suggestion was raised that it might be utilized for lining her nest instead of silk. Or perhaps we may say that the sensation produced by handling the soft cotton started a train of associations that led the animal to deal with a substance quite foreign to her, precisely as she habitually deals with the silk which she secretes. Whether the two theories do not amount to the same in the end is a point which I will not attempt to decide. We are verging upon the deep and somewhat strange waters of animal metaphysics, and perhaps had better not venture further."



COTTON-LINED NEST OF TURRET SPIDER.

"At all events," said the Doctor, with some warmth, as though he were beating down an old adversary in his own thought, "I will never again say that a spider doesn't *think*! Here certainly is an order of mentalism which seems to differ from human thinking more in degree than in kind."

In the meantime I plied the spade carefully, until at last the bottom of the tube was reached.

"There she is!" cried the Doctor, who keenly watched the digging.

A brown head emerged from a mass of dust-covered

object of the chimney is less apparent. It probably serves as a watch-tower from which the keeper may observe the approach of her enemies and her prey. Her favorite position is a crouching posture on the summit of her turret, with legs drawn up and head peering over the edge as though on guard. A little elevation of this sort is a great temptation to grasshoppers and other insects, who are prone to alight upon or crawl up it, and thus become easy victims to the vigilant tower-keeper. On the other hand, if anything approaches that threatens harm, the wary sentinel re-



SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

cotton, followed by the legs and body of a large spider. The body was an inch in length, but the eight long, expanded legs gave one the impression of greater size. The specimen was a female of a velvety brown color, marked with light gray along the back.

"Yes, there she is," I responded; "this is one of my troglodytes; and now you have seen for yourself that this pretty nest in my box was really made by a spider."

"It is certainly true, although it passes all my notions of spider-craft. What is the use of this cave-nest?"

"I cannot answer very confidently. The deep burrow is at least a winter home, and, no doubt, a good one, since the temperature within it is much higher than at the surface. Moreover, it affords protection against many enemies, from whom the animal finds ready refuge by running into its stronghold. The

treats to the depths of her cavern. I suppose that the turret serves a further use in protecting the interior from being flooded by the water that gathers upon the surface after rain."

"Have you any knowledge of the mode of building practiced by this little architect?"

"Yes, I have kept individuals in confinement and watched their habits, but the best account of their behavior has been given by my friend, Mrs. Mary Treat. When the burrow is about two inches deep the spider begins upon her tower. A stick is placed at the edge of the tube, and lashed down with a strong thread. Another is laid in similar position until the margin is surrounded by a four or five-sided foundation. The builder then descends to the bottom of her tube and brings up pellets of earth which she places atop, and on the inside of the sticks, pressing them down with her

body as she passes around the circle. Then follow other layers of sticks alternated with pellets of clay until the tower is raised sometimes as high as two and a half inches above the ground. The inner surface is smoothed and lined with silk, and the turret is complete. While excavating the burrow the bits of clay as they are bitten loose are compressed within the mandibles into small balls, carried to the top and shot off from the walls with sufficient force to carry them a foot distant."

Our spider had now crawled out from beneath the dusty ruins of her home, and sat motionless upon a heap of dirt. The Doctor's eye caught sight of a spherical egg-sac as large as a grape which was lashed to the spinning-tubes at the end of the abdomen, and an explanation was asked.

"This species, like most of her family, carries her cradle, as you see. She rarely, if ever, abandons it, and will give up her life in its defence with the utmost abandon. For at least two months she has dragged that silken ball around with her, while the tiny eggs first placed within it have grown until they are now just ready to burst forth as baby spiderlings. If we capture this mother, and place her in a jar, we shall, in a few days, see a transformation. The egg-sac will have opened, a brood of a hundred or more younglings will have issued forth, and have swarmed upon their mother, hanging in a close cluster upon her abdomen, which will be quite hidden by the wriggling mass of wee bodies and legs. The mother will, of course, seem greatly enlarged by this addition, and will present the appearance of a horrible, hairy, nondescript monster. She may be seen thus hanging in her favorite posture upon the outer wall of her tower, her abdomen all a-quiver with the crowded life of her brood."

"Dear me!" said the Doctor, laughing, "what a destiny that must be! Surely, there is a progeny sufficient to satisfy the cravings of the most capacious mother-love. One might fancy that the Mother Goose rhymster had this spider matron in view in the famous nursery couplet:

"There was an Old Woman who lived in a shoe,
And she had so many children she didn't know what to do."

"The turret spider," I continued, "seems to know what to do with her children. During the first three weeks the little things are piled all over the head and back of the mother, often appearing to blind her. They seem ambitious to reach the highest point, and jostle and crowd one another in their efforts to be at the top of the heap. This the mother patiently endures for a time, but when the younglings thicken too closely over her eyes she reaches up her forelegs, scrapes off an armful and holds them straight in front of her as if disciplining them by reproving looks. Soon she releases them by slowly opening her legs, whereupon the spider-

lings quietly take their places around the edge of the tower, where they usually remain until the mother goes below, when they all follow. Upon her reappearance they are again mounted upon her back."

"How do the little fellows keep their position so firmly?" asked the Doctor.

"The body of the mother is covered with soft hairs to which her babies hold by their feet, or fasten themselves by delicate threads spun from their spinnarets. When they are two weeks old they "molt" or cast their skin, a process which spiders undergo several times until they are quite mature. The molting of the young turret spiders is a curious sight. They stretch a line across the back of the mother's abdomen to which they fasten themselves. Then they begin to undress. The skin cracks all around the chest—the cephalotorax—which is held by the front edge alone; next the abdomen is freed, and then comes the struggle to free the legs. By dint of regular pullings, repeated at short intervals, the old skin is cast in fifteen minutes or more, and the spiderling appears undressed but quite exhausted. It lies limp, pallid and motionless for a little while and then gradually resumes its activity. Sometimes the mother's back will be covered with taut lines decorated with these cast-off molts, reminding one of the dainty pieces of a baby's toilet hung up to dry in the laundry."

"How long does the mother keep her brood around her?" asked the Doctor.

"When the young are about three weeks old a few begin to leave the maternal care. They have been long enough 'tied to mother's apron string,' to quote a common saying that has quite as much fact as figure in it for our spiderlings. They climb up a grass stalk, then venture upon a higher weed or shrub, thence they reach the trunk of a tree, and, grown bolder now, climb out upon the branches. After another week the mother shows a disposition to send her brood adrift. The time for 'weaning' has come, and occasionally a little one is reminded of this fact by being tossed away into the grass. A bright, warm autumn day follows, and then the entire brood, moved by the resistless instinct of migration, leave their mother without further ceremony, run here and there upon plants and trees, or are distributed over the vicinity by aeronautic flight, that strange habit so strongly analogous to ballooning as practiced by men. Later in the season or in the spring one will find a number of tiny burrows, the very counterpart of the mother's in which the young have set up housekeeping, or cave-keeping rather, for themselves. As they grow in size the burrows are enlarged, until at last the babes have themselves become mothers and repeat among their own broods the maternal instincts that fostered their own baby days."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EQUILIBRIUM.

An owl in an elm broods, sad and grim,
With hunger her owlets cry,
As the airy light of the moon grows dim
And the white morn draweth nigh.

An old gray mouse with her children three
In her nest, all under the dew,
Sleeps in peace, at the foot of the tree,
As if sorrow she never knew.

Through the dusky light of the dawn
Two soft wings fan the grass;
A swoop—a thud—a beak all blood—
And the hours unheeding pass.

And now at the foot of the tree
Falls a shade from the shaggy nest;
And the sun rays, coming, see
The owl, with her owlets, rest.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

ANNIE'S LOVERS.

A STORY FOR VALENTINE WEEK.

BY GEORGE R. MARTIN.

MISS ANNIE BELLA CRANLEIGH at the age of twenty-one was not without admirers, yet was she neither married, nor engaged, nor even in love. Aspirants for her hand had appeared in plenty, but the man was yet to come.

Her first lover had been a youth a year or two younger than herself. He and she had been playmates together, but the day came when it dawned upon his mind that he wanted Annie for something more than a playmate: that life was not worth living except with her to share it as his wife. He was devoted to her; and showed his devotion by silent adoration and heart-drawn sighs.

Every one noticed the change in the boy; every one but Annie. She, never suspecting the longings of his heart, looked upon him, as she had always looked upon him, as a dear friend, but her very friendliness, which erst so delighted him, was now a source of pain and disappointment. It showed, only too plainly, that she at least had no thoughts for the future, or at all events for a future with him as her companion, stay and support. Yet he lived in the hope that if she could be brought to think of the matter she would be favorable to his suit. Every night, as he lay awake, he determined to let no other day pass without telling her of his love, yet every morning his courage failed and the word remained unspoken.

Then a kind, mutual friend, with none but the best intentions, gave Annie a hint and said a good word, a deservedly good word, for the lover. Now, indeed, was Annie changed. Her fondness for her old playmate and friend was lost and forgotten in her dislike of her lover. So he, poor fellow, drops out of this narrative.

Other lovers followed, fair ones and dark ones; middle-aged, young and old; rich ones and poor ones; short and tall; strong and weakly; handsome and ugly. In sooth, they were so numerous and so varied that it would require a volume or two to mention each and all in detail. We have spoken of but one; for he was an example of all. However much Annie may have liked them while they were content to remain merely friends, she hated them directly she suspected they were lovers. But as she was never without one or more admirers the question arises, what was there in the girl to make her so attractive?

She was passably good-looking, though by no means beautiful. Her hair was pretty, but her nose was not. Her eyes, however, were lovely; they were brown, not that dry, dull color too often seen, expressionless and cold, yet a perpetual stare. No! Annie's eyes were two brown islands in two seas of very blue-white; they had the pleading look of the stag at bay: what I imagine the by-poet-loved gazelles must be, so winsome and confiding. Like "airy fairy Lilian's", Annie's eyes "looked through and through you;" alas! only too often, "thoroughly to undo you."

Then her lips—but, hold, enough! Was not I, too, one of her lovers? When I remember how I loved her, I think of her eyes, and my praise is apt to become over-strained; when I recollect my little disappointment, I think of her nose, and my criticisms run the risk of being unduly severe. Let me, therefore, leave

all description of her moral, mental, physical and other charms and faults (for she had her faults) to others.

Gifted with the knack of looking about her, Annie had studiously observed the behavior of married people, engaged people, and people on the verge of engagement. This added to her own personal experience of lovers had led her to form an unalterable decision, not as to what sort of man would be acceptable as a husband (for she was frequently announcing her intention of living and dying an old maid), but as to what sort of man could never possibly meet with her approbation.

Thus she would never marry a man younger than herself, nor one more than two years older. Would he not be always vaunting of his greater experience? An ugly man was out of the question, and a very good-looking one was impossible, too, for he would necessarily be conceited. A man who had been in love before would stand little chance; a widower would stand none, for he would be constantly talking of his first wife and making comparisons uncomplimentary to his second. A man shorter than herself (she was not tall) would be absurd, a very tall one equally so. A man who talked much would drive her mad, while a quiet, reticent, retiring one would drive her madder. She would be ashamed of a man with less education than herself, but a highly accomplished man would affect to despise her. A very poor man would expect her to drudge while he sat still and worried; a rich man would be forever taunting her with, "What would you have done had not I married you?" No foreigner would do, and no one who lived at any great distance from her beloved Michigan. A smoker would be most objectionable, but if he indulged in cigarettes he would be abominable.

Such was Annie's state of mind when an event of the utmost importance to her future life occurred. This great event was the appearance upon the scene of a student of human nature!

He was thirty-two years of age, stood five feet and a half in his boots, had very red hair, a large mouth and raw-looking ears. He was well off, intelligent, and of no mean attainments. He had been twice engaged to be married, but was now free and heart-whole. He enjoyed the euphonic name of Ebenezer Smith.

Annie was staying at Nilsing when Mr. Smith, a stranger to Michigan, was introduced to her friends there, and they in their turn introduced him to Annie. He became a frequent visitor at the house, was always lively, talkative and amusing, but his talk and attentions were given exclusively to Annie's friends, and he seldom so much as looked at her. Yet often, with subtlety so deep that it was suspected by no one—by Annie least of all—he provoked her to join in the conversation. As often, directly she began to speak, Annie regretted that she had done so. It seemed to her that her interruption caused him surprise and annoyance, for he would at once become silent, and would generally remove to some other part of the room.

"How do you like Mr. Smith?" asked Annie's chosen friend, Mrs. M., of her one day.

"Not at all."

"Not at all! Why?"

"He is so conceited, so cynical. He despises every

one of us. And then he is so short, and so ugly. His mouth is so big and his hair so red."

"I don't call him ugly at all," said Mrs. M., with animation. "He has such speaking eyes, and his face lights up so wonderfully when he is pleased, that at times I am inclined to think him quite beautiful."

"But how often is he pleased?"

"Then he has such good teeth," continued Mrs. M., ignoring the interruption.

"So has a wolf!"

"And is so well informed. What is better still, he has a way of telling and explaining things, even the most difficult, that the veriest child can understand him."

"That may be true; but he thinks, and shows that he thinks the child a fool for requiring any explanation."

"Why, what has he been explaining to you?"

"Nothing. He never speaks to me."

"You evidently listen to him, though."

"Who can help it? He talks loudly enough, in all conscience."

"At all events he is unlike most men in one respect; but whether this proves him more or less sensible than the average man is for you to decide."

"What do you mean?" asked Annie, forgetting the rôle of indifference she had assumed.

"I mean that he is one of the few men who are insensible to your charms."

"I should imagine he is insensible to the charms of every one, he is so engrossed with the contemplation of his own."

"Then you must be delighted, Annie, to know that he will never make love to you."

"That is the one redeeming point in his character. I imagine he is much more likely to make love to you, as you are able to appreciate him and so pander to his vanity."

"Nonsense! He is twelve years younger than I am!"

"And twelve years older than I am."

"So? Sits the wind that way? Confess, you have considered his eligibility or ineligibility?"

"Not till this moment, when you yourself made the suggestion."

"Then tell me this, Annie. You generally like, or at all events tolerate, men who are satisfied with being friends and you hate those who become lovers. How is it that you are so bitter against Mr. Smith, who has no such aspirations?"

"Am I bitter? I was not aware of it. I do not like him, I admit, but I hardly consider him worth hating."

Mrs. M. said no more, neither did Annie. The former had found an interesting paragraph in the paper she held in her hand, while Annie was relieved to find the conversation was ended. Annie was honesty itself. She never prevaricated, and was, as a rule, rather too outspoken. But here she caught herself in a lie, a downright lie—not a harmless little equivocation, but a "whopper."

"Am I bitter? I was not aware of it."

She was aware of it, and for many days had been trying to discover why she "loathed, detested, abhorred, condemned, abjured" this man Smith, who never spoke to her.

And here I may mention two very curious facts. 1. Ebenezer Smith, who very seldom talked to Annie, and as seldom looked at her, was determined to marry her. 2. Annie, who so hated Smith, was most disgusted with herself because she could not drive him from her thoughts.

As I detest a mystery I hasten to explain Smith's seemingly extraordinary resolution.

Among Annie's many admirers had been an Englishman, a widower, an "odious man," as Annie always called him. He and Smith were intimate friends, and I had the honor of acquaintance with both gentlemen. I could never make sure whether this "odious Englishman" was really a lover of Annie as well as an admirer, yet I am positive that he was on the verge of becoming one, even if he never stepped over that verge. I had noticed that Annie and he had been very friendly. There could be no mistaking his genuine admiration, and there were times when I thought that Annie not only perceived it, but, *mirabile dictu*, encouraged it. Suddenly, however, Annie became set against him, and lost no opportunity of lowering his conceit, as she called it. This did not surprise me in the least, for I had seen the same thing often. But I was surprised that her bitterness increased daily, and that she went out of her way to show it. Thus, she told me one day in the man's hearing that she had never seen an Englishman she liked. A few days later she had never seen anything English that she did not hate. Is astonishment a stronger term than surprise? If so I was exceedingly astonished to find Mr. Rose—such was the Englishman's name—perfectly and genuinely indifferent to all that Annie did or said. He had a touchy temper, and our fair friend had often ruffled it before, but now her taunts fell on him like water on a duck's back. He seemed to like her as well as ever, and to be as attentive as he had always been, but still his indifference was apparent. I could not doubt its genuineness, but resolved, nevertheless, to make surety doubly sure.

One day he, Smith, and I were together. Smith was busy writing; Rose and I sat at an open window. Here was my opportunity, and I made up my mind to seize it. I talked of this thing and that, and then, very adroitly as I flatter myself, introduced Annie's name.

"What a nice girl she is!" I exclaimed, as a feeler.

"Don't you think so?"

"Yes."

"I anticipated a more enthusiastic reply than that."

"Did you? I like her very much. How does that suit you?"

"That is better; but I thought you did more than like her."

"Love her, do you mean? No; I never loved her." A pause.

"I admit, however," added Rose, turning his chair and looking out of the window, "that I very nearly, if not quite, loved the girl I thought she was."

"Your fastidious taste was disappointed in her? You looked for some ideal perfection, I suppose." I spoke with asperity, for I was nettled at his remarks. He turned slowly round and looked meditatively, and, as I imagined, with pity, at me, and I saw distinctly passing through his mind the thought, "So you too are a poor deluded moth!" His scrutiny over, he turned round again and looked out of the window.

"No," he said, in answer to my questions, "men at my age know better than to expect perfection in anything animate or inanimate. And, let me remark, *par parenthèse*, that when a man, seeing a woman's faults, can, nevertheless, love her, his love is far more likely to remain firm than is his who believes her perfection, loves her, and then discovers her defects. Every one can see Annie's charms, but I thought I saw all her faults, too. Yet I was mistaken, and she opened my eyes one day by merely uttering three words: 'He lec-

tured me.' I was the 'he.' I had seen her, as I thought, running headlong, but quite innocently, into a certain danger, no matter what, and at the almost certain risk of receiving 'more kicks than halfpence,' I warned her. You and I both know her obstinacy, and how proud she is of it. I was aware that this obstinacy would tempt her to do the very thing I wished to keep her from, and it was therefore necessary, if I spoke at all, to speak strongly. I did speak strongly, and, of course, offended her. Although this was expected it was none the less distressing. I had offended her on former occasions, but she soon forgave me my sins and forgot them. But this time she neither forgot nor forgave.

"Naturally I began to doubt whether I could have been right; yet conscience told me, and still tells me, that I had only done what a true friend both would and should do. Then why did she remain so long offended? 'He lectured me,' spoken at me by herself, told me all. I had not lectured, but advised her, and she was quite aware of this. To 'lecture,' as she used the word, must imply fault, and here there was no fault to be found, unless you deem inexperience one. Then I noticed that advice, whether good or bad, from myself or others, was always unpalatable to the young lady, and that she invariably tried to have the last word. In fine, the words 'he lectured me' led me to discover what I had never suspected before—that Miss Cranleigh's obstinacy arises from nothing more nor less than vanity—childish vanity.

"Now, mark! She confessed to a lady friend that she knew I had no other thought when I spoke to her than her good, 'but she was not going to let me know it.' I was not aware of this until afterward, so that it came not as a foundation for my conjectures, but as a confirmation of them. Had I been wrong she would have forgiven me long ago, but as I was right she will never forgive me.

"I have called her vain, not proud. Pride sets you on a pinnacle, and from your lofty seat you look down calmly upon your fellow creatures wallowing in the mire. Vanity makes you sensitive, lest you be considered one of the wallowers. With pride cometh content; with vanity, discontent. Pride arises from a sense (mistaken or otherwise) of superiority; vanity from a sense (mistaken or otherwise) of inferiority. You do not require me to tell you that Annie gets on much better with boys than with men; with those who are her inferiors in ability, intelligence, education, and so forth, than with those who are her superiors (seeing how she dislikes me I run the risk of a charge of conceit in speaking thus). She feels her own deficiencies so acutely that she is in constant fear and trembling lest others should see them too.

"I had thought her a strange character, full of inconsistencies. For example, it seemed a very curious thing that a girl so confiding, so child-like, perhaps, should at the same time be as suspicious as she is. Her vanity accounts for it. She may like a person very much at first, and have perfect confidence in him or her, but when she becomes better acquainted, when she both knows and is known better, she becomes less confiding. Instead of being pleased with the good qualities she observes, Annie is now only anxious to find bad ones. It is merely a case of self-comparison. She becomes suspicious; first, that the person is superior to herself; next, that the person will discover the fact, and lastly, that he or she will proclaim the fact.

"You may well think that I am speaking as a disappointed man. I know that I am not. It is

true that on former occasions, when I had had the misfortune to offend her, I was greatly distressed, even after I had been forgiven. But now I find her so unlike what my blind infatuation painted her, that I can honestly say that I never loved her, and am just as indifferent to her treatment as Jones (who adores Miss Brown) is when Miss Robinson turns the cold shoulder to him. But I like Miss Cranleigh very much, yet I should like her still more if she but knew her fault; for I am sure, with her to know it, would be to eradicate it. At present she is proud of her obstinacy, but should be ashamed of it. She would be ashamed of it did she but know whence 'it arose.'"

"Don't you think," I suggested, "that what you call vanity is rather an excess of modesty? That she often thinks herself inferior to people when, in fact, she is superior to them? Has she not too low an opinion of herself, and is not that the root and ground of her offence?"

"Ingeniously put! True, she is often mistaken in her self-comparison, undoubtedly so, as far as I am concerned. But you see it irritates her and flatters me. If she were not so sensitively vain she might be sorry for her supposed deficiencies, but she would not be savage with other people for not having them too."

"Then if you are right," I answered sarcastically, "God pity the man who marries her."

"There you are wrong. If she marries the right man she will make as good a wife as ever husband was blessed with."

"Then why not marry her yourself?"

"For the simple reason that I am not the right man. The right man must be able to show her vanity without offending her. He must be a bolder man than I am, and, if you will pardon me, than you are. He must be bold to undertake the task, and will require no mean diplomatic skill to accomplish it."

"Bravo!" chimed in South. "I have listened with the utmost interest to your exposition of the young lady's inner self. I should dearly like to know her. But in speaking of the right man you have missed one very essential point. He must not only open her eyes to her vanity, but must do it in such a way that she never knows that she has been enlightened. I must obtain an introduction and try the task myself. Rest assured of one thing, however; she shall not know that I have the acquaintance of the cynical Englishman."

I thought Smith was joking, and still believe that he was. But that is a matter of no consequence, and I must get on with my story. I need only add that, as the Englishman took to calling Smith Petruccio, that I imagine the two men had on more than one occasion talked of taming this modern Kate—whose vanity and charms both seemed to admit.

SMITH'S visit to Nilsing drew to a close, and it was time for him to return to his home in Missouri. On the day previous to that fixed for his departure he went to a picnic whither Annie and her friends had also been invited. Three of Annie's lovers were of the party, and Smith laughed to himself as he saw their attempts to ingratiate themselves and how their most devoted attentions only annoyed her for whom they were meant. Annie did her utmost to remain close to Mrs. M., and for a time succeeded.

Smith, who was here, there, and everywhere, and who appeared to have eyes and words for every one but Mrs. M. and her friend, in reality never ceased to watch them. After a time he said to a lady acquaintance, "You know Miss Cranleigh, do you not?"

"Yes."

"I wish you would talk to her for a little time. Mrs. M. is a lady who is very easily slighted, and I have not spoken to her to-day. I want to do the dutiful, but that child will not leave her wing."

It was soon done. Smith took a walk with Mrs. M., but managed very adroitly to leave his companion with some friends at a distant spot. Then he looked for Annie.

He found her, as he had expected, at the mercy of her lovers, and with no lady to cling to for protection. He lit a cigar, knowing Annie's antipathy to tobacco, and then sauntered very leisurely past her. He stopped just for a couple of seconds, said a few words to her in a careless, listless way and resumed his walk.

Suddenly he turned around, as if possessed of a new thought, and said, "You do not seem happy!"

Annie looked up in speechless surprise; it was something so new for him to notice her at all.

"I can guess what it is," continued Smith, enjoying, yet seemingly paying no attention to her look of astonishment. "These foolish boys annoy you."

There was something so contemptuous in his tones that Annie was tempted to take the part of her lovers, notwithstanding her annoyance, and to resent the epithet of "foolish boys." Yet while she wondered in what their foolishness (according to Smith's ideas) consisted, whether it was in their struggling against hope, or in their wasting time over one so insignificant as herself, her opportunity for showing resentment passed.

"Just come along with me," said Smith, "and we will leave them to fight it out among themselves."

Annie accepted the invitation, but not without a little hesitation. If she refused, he would think she wanted to be with the foolish boys, or that she was afraid of him, or both. Therefore she arose and walked by his side. She would have given much to have found something to talk about—she was not generally at a loss—but could think of nothing. Smith was silent, too, and apparently concentrated his attention upon his cigar.

It was evident to Annie now that Smith did really believe those foolish boys annoyed her. It was also evident that he himself had no wish for her society.

"It is kind of him," she thought, "to put himself out for me; but I do wish he would not smoke so."

They had been together but three minutes when they saw a group of ladies. Annie noticed with resentment that Smith now threw away his cigar and hurried his steps.

"Ah! There are some friends of yours," he said. "You will be happier with them than with those boys."

He left her side directly they joined the group, and began to talk to some of the ladies.

He was more than usually brilliant, and in a very short time quite a crowd had collected to listen to his stories and join in the laughter they created. Annie stood silent. She listened, and yet did not listen. The words were heard, but their sense was unheeded.

"Mrs. M. is right," she pondered. "His face does light up in a remarkable way. I wish he were taller. I wish his hair were not so red. He is certainly intelligent and a good talker, and after all he does not seem as conceited as I thought he was."

"But why," so her thoughts ran a little later, "why should he despise me so? I would much rather he positively hated me than ignore me as he does. He is conceited, and I was right in saying so."

Toward evening Smith found Annie once again pestered by her lovers. He laughed slyly at her

directly he caught her eye, and while Annie considered what the laugh meant, whether it was at her or with her, whether it was in ridicule, or because he thought she liked being with "those foolish boys," or because he wished her to understand that he had established a confidence with her—while, in fact, she hesitated whether to meet his laugh with another or with a frown, an almost imperceptible frown appeared, unknown to herself, upon her brow. Smith marked it with inward satisfaction.

"Good," he said to himself. "We are getting on swimmingly."

Consequently when Annie had decided to meet his laugh with a smile, and when she did smile, it was too late.

"I made a mistake last time," remarked Smith, seating himself by her side, and speaking *sotto voce*. "We ought not to have flown from the lovers. As often as you run away they will follow. Drive them away and they will not return in a hurry. So, for the sake of experiment, I will monopolize you myself."

Annie began to feel a new and not altogether pleasant sensation. For about the first time in her life she was at a loss what to do. She wanted the foolish boys driven away, there was no doubt about that. Yet would it not be better to retain those harmless nuisances than be obliged to talk or listen to this cynic, who so despised her? Most provoking of all was the fact that this man never said, "Allow me to do so and so," or "Will you oblige me by doing this?" It was always, "I shall," or "You will," or "You must." This irritated Annie, all the more so as she saw no way of rebelling against it. She loved her own way, and generally managed to get it, but here was a man who took it for granted that she had no will of her own. She longed to undeceive him and show him that she not only had a will of her own, but a very strong one. But she could think of no way of enlightening him without his believing that he had irritated her, and for some reason—she could not quite explain what—she was anxious to avoid giving him any ground for such a thought. She was not afraid of him. Certainly not! Who would be or could be afraid of such a creature?

On recalling the wants of that day Annie could never understand how it was that she became loquacious while Smith remained a patient listener. Such, however, was the fact. She could not recollect that he had asked her a single question or shown any interest in her whatever, yet she found herself giving him the whole story of her life and a detailed account of her home. Moreover, she was so taken up with the subject that it was not until long after they had departed that she remembered Smith's sole object in bearing her company had been to relieve her from the importunities of her lovers.

With a blush of shame at her own forgetfulness, a passing thought of "I wonder what he thinks of my loquacity?" she rose from her seat. Smith followed suit.

"It must be nearly time for going home," she said.

"I believe it is," replied Smith, as if he had the utmost difficulty to suppress a yawn.

Annie blushed again and clenched her hands in rage, angry with herself as much as with him.

"I wonder where they all are?" she said. "I can hear no one."

"The other side of the lake. We had better join them. Take my arm."

It was on the tip of Annie's tongue to decline the proffered arm, but she changed her mind and took it.

"He shall do all the talking now," she determined, and he did not disappoint her.

It was a longer walk than Annie had anticipated. Smith talked of several things, and finally of the three discomfited lovers.

"Those young men do not understand their business," he said. "Now, were I your lover,"—Annie laughed heartily at the idea—"I should not be forever begging you to be favorable to me, imploring you to marry me. I should not take so much trouble. I should merely intimate that I loved you, and that I expected you therefore to love me in return, and marry me at the first convenient day."

"Would you, indeed?" laughingly rejoined Annie. "And suppose I were to make a profound courtesy and decline your majesty's commands?"

"Of course, you would decline—at first. That is only to be expected. But you would soon change your mind if I meant that you should."

"Why so?"

"Because it would be a case of one will against another, and, of course, the stronger would prevail."

"You do not understand me, I see."

"Yes, I do."

"But you cannot. You have seldom spoken to me until to-day."

"I admit that."

"And as seldom have looked at me."

"I admit that, too, but have had a very good reason for it."

"May I inquire the reason?"

"Certainly. I was afraid that if I began to look much at you, you would cease to look much at me!"

Annie stood still with astonishment. Was the man in earnest, or was he mocking her? She knew that she had watched him, but could not believe that he was aware of it. He said no more, and appeared quite ignorant of the fact that he had caused her great embarrassment.

"You are laughing at me," she said; and then, thinking that this had better have been unsaid, she added quickly, to give him no chance of a reply to it, "Such despotic treatment might, perhaps, answer with some people, but if you had heard how extremely obstinate I am, you would know it would not answer with me."

"Oh, I have heard all about that."

"About what?"

"About your being obstinate."

Once again Annie was astonished, and had she not been so displeased might have thought to ask him who had been talking to him of her.

"I have heard that you are obstinate," Smith went on to say, "extremely obstinate, as you call it." Then he paused. "I prefer," he added presently, "to judge from what I see than from what others tell me."

The first sentence had irritated Annie, as it was intended to do. She had so often boasted of her obstinacy that she had really come to believe that she was proud of it. If she had considered the subject more closely she must have known that there was not a little shame mixed with her pride, or why should she be annoyed when others spoke of her obstinacy? She had often been annoyed before by people charging her with this fault, yet Smith's mention of it irritated her more than she had ever been irritated before. When, therefore, he said so calmly, "I have heard that you are extremely obstinate," she was angry, indeed, but when he added, "I prefer to judge from what I see than from what others tell me," her anger vanished and her self-love was soothed.

"If you have not seen for yourself how obstinate I am," she said, "your eyesight must be at fault."

"You misunderstand me," rejoined Smith. "I did not say you were not obstinate. I know that you are."

"He is trying to anger me," thought Annie; "but he shall not succeed."

"You are obstinate," continued Smith, "but I am more so. There is this difference between us: I, being so much older than you, and having had so much more experience, have learned to discard impulse. You are neither old enough nor experienced enough to have yet acquired that useful lesson. It must follow that if we are by nature equally strong willed, my strong will, or obstinacy, if you like, will be the stronger."

"It cannot be!" exclaimed Annie. "No one can be more"—strong willed, she was going to say, but was ashamed to use a phrase that was new to her in its application to herself. "No one can be more obstinate than I am."

Smith made no answer, but walked on silently for some time. Suddenly he startled Annie by standing still and asking abruptly:

"Do you believe in fortune telling?"

"Of course not!"

"Nevertheless, show me your hand."

Annie did as she was bid, and Smith examined, or pretended to examine, the lines on the palm.

"I thought I was right," he said, releasing the hand and resuming his walk.

"What do you mean?" asked Annie.

"That my will is stronger than yours."

"It is not!"

"Are you willing to put it to the proof?"

"Yes!" Annie replied, confidently.

"Very well; tell me this: Suppose I were to say to you what I have already told you I should say were I your lover, what answer would you make?"

"Answer?"

"Yes, answer."

"What did you say?" asked Annie, merely to gain time for thought.

"I said that I should merely intimate to you that I loved you, that I should expect you to love me in return and marry me on the first convenient day. What answer would you make?"

"I should answer, 'never!'"

"How long would you adhere to that answer?"

"Always!"

Smith stopped and took Annie's hand again, somewhat against her will; but this time, while he held it, he looked, not at its palm, but straight into its owner's pretty eyes.

"Listen to me, Annie Cranleigh."

Then he stopped, and continued to gaze at her, while Annie wondered what it all could mean.

"You say your will is stronger than mine," Smith went on to say. "In six months you shall marry me! Now, what do you say?"

What could she say? If the man were joking, a serious answer would be worse than absurd, and Annie was in so subdued a state of mind—why subdued she could not understand—that a laughing reply was impossible.

He could not be in earnest, for he knew positively nothing of her. Yet, if he were not in earnest, why did he stand there waiting for an answer, and looking not only grave, but stern and determined.

Though he gave her ample time to reply she could not take the opportunity he offered. The word "never" rose to her lips several times, but the fear of his ridicule prevented its utterance.

And yet he stood and waited; and his eyes, looking straight into hers, overawed her.

"I mean what I say, and I await your reply!" he said, without taking his eyes from her.

"If he would only turn those hateful eyes of his another way, if but for a second, I could give him an answer, and a decided one," thought Annie.

"You have heard what I said. I will repeat my determination three months hence," said Smith, after what seemed to Annie an intolerably long time. "Now let us join the others."

He placed her hand upon his arm, and, when it was now too late for her to make any reply, turned his gaze from her. Not another word was spoken, and they were very soon separated.

Annie saw Ebenezer Smith no more that day, and long before she was up on the following morning he left Nilsing for Missouri.

How she passed the next three months Annie could never tell. She only knew that they flew by.

Time after time she determined to think no more of this man who had become so obnoxious to her, and who became more so every day. But strong willed as she imagined herself she could not keep this resolve. She never spoke of Smith unless directly appealed to, and that was seldom. She heard others talk of him, however, and this invariably galled her. For every one, her lovers excepted—and, of course, what *they* said counted for nothing—spoke in his praise, and praise of that conceited, large-mouthed, red-headed prig, Smith, was discordant to her.

She went home and heard of him there, but to her great relief, just as two of the three months were all but gone, a welcome and eagerly accepted invitation arrived for her to visit a friend in a more northern part of the state.

"There, at least," she thought, "I shall hear no more of him, and shall be able to forget him."

Arrived at her new destination she found that change of scene did not cause change of thought, and then she became sensible and submitted to the inevitable. Finding that she could not drive Ebenezer Smith from her thoughts, she decided to consider the matter carefully in all its bearings.

Hitherto she had told herself that she did not care to know whether he was merely playing with her, or whether he was in earnest. What could it possibly matter to her? But now she made up her mind that the first thing to determine was, "Was Mr. Smith joking or did he really mean what he said?"

And here I take the opportunity of making an observation as profound as it is original. The mind of man is a very mysterious affair. It is always more or less a puzzle to others, and is generally a puzzle to its owner. And it is a good thing that it should be unreadable by others, though Smith's mind, being inscrutable to Annie, was an exception to prove the rule. Thackeray says, somewhere something like this, "Oh, ye wives and mothers of England! If you knew your husbands and sons as well as they know themselves, there would be no more peace for you!" (of course this is not applicable to the wives and mothers of this great enlightened country).

But is it always a bad thing that the mind should be unfathomable by its owner?

Annie's well-regulated mind told her that if she could only believe that this horrid man was joking, it would be a great relief to her. Every one has heard that "the wish is father to the thought." It was so in Annie's

case, and she very soon brought herself to believe that Smith neither was nor could be in earnest.

All her high spirits returned. She slept well at night, and sang about the house all day, or rather, she whistled, for she had read that whistling was good for the lungs.

Alas! alas! Happiness and contentment are evanescent.

Not long after she had come to the sage conclusion that Smith had been merely laughing at her, her breath was taken away one morning by her hostess remarking:

"So you know my cousin Ebenezer Smith!"

Annie would have given all her lovers, if not ten years of her life, to have been able to suppress the blush which suffused her cheek. Her friend saw her rising color and laughed at her.

"I was about to ask if you were guilty, but you have already told me so."

"Guilty?" stammered Annie. "Guilty of what?"

"You need not deny it, my dear."

"I—I don't know what you mean!"

"I heard from him this morning."

"Well? What did he say?"

"Of you?"

Annie hesitated, and then replied:

"Yes, of me!"

No one who knows Annie as I do can credit her with the bump of curiosity. Of all women, and of all men, too, she was the least inquisitive, but in the present case she was "dying to know" what Smith had said of her. Unfortunately, however, her friend was called from the room at this moment, and when she returned she thought no more of the letter, and Annie had not the courage to hazard any questions.

All that the letter contained about herself was, "Yes. I believe 'the red-headed, large-mouthed Ebenezer Smith' did see your Miss Cranleigh at Nilsing."

The fact was that Mrs. M. was a lady who, notwithstanding her years, was fond of admiration, and was somewhat garrulous, and she had repeated to Smith Annie's description of his perfections.

It was, perhaps, a pity that Annie did not see this letter. She would then have known what guilt was laid to her charge. As it was, she imagined Smith had made a confidante of his cousin, and had told her of that determination he had so boldly, if not rudely, expressed on the day of the picnic.

She could no longer believe that he had only been laughing at her. He must be in earnest, though that necessitated his being insane also.

Once more Annie's life became a burden to her. Her one thought now was, "How can I escape him?" Was it possible? For some time it seemed to her altogether impossible. He would find her if she hid herself at the North Pole. She knew enough of him to believe that.

Once more she submitted to the inevitable, and what wondrous virtue that is in all of us! Knowing that sooner or later she must meet him, it was necessary to determine what to say to him, or rather, how to say it, for the answer was ready enough—she would die sooner than submit to him.

She knew nothing of his movements, and dared not inquire about them. The three months were passed. Was he coming there for his answer?

Poor Annie! The more she thought about it the more she dreaded the struggle, and the weaker she found herself becoming to engage in it. How she detested him! And who can blame her, seeing that of all men he was the most unsuited to her? Who can blame her, seeing that he caused her days of misery?

The more Annie pondered over the matter the more desperate it became, until at last she determined upon a most desperate remedy. She would accept some one else! Any one, except that odious Englishman! The only question left her to decide was, "Who would be most ready to propose?"

Yet, as she considered this question, a new danger arose before her mind's eye. Smith would care no more for her betrothed than he did for her lovers. Her being engaged would only add zest to his pursuit. She therefore changed the question to, "Who will marry me most quickly?" and decided it in favor of one of her Nilsing admirers.

She could not very well write him a proposal of marriage, but she did the next best thing and sent a note to Mrs. M., saying that an invitation from that lady would not be taken amiss.

The invitation came by return of post.

"I have received an invitation from Mrs. M.," Annie said to her hostess, "and am going to Nilsing to-morrow."

"You are going to no such place. I have just received a letter from my cousin Ebenezer. He is coming here to-morrow and will remain a few days. I am most anxious that you should make his acquaintance."

"But I have already made it," replied Annie when she could command herself.

"I don't think, from what he said in his last letter, that you have. True, he thought, but was not sure, that he had seen you. I forget now exactly what he said, but he intimated, or at least I read his letter so, that you had called him something uncomplimentary."

"But I thought you said"—and then Annie stopped.

"Said what?"

"That he had told you all about"—once more Annie found herself unable to proceed.

"My dear, I don't think I could have said he told me all about—whatever there is to tell all about. His letter, I remember, was short. It said no more of you than that he believed, but was not sure, that he had seen you."

"Then what did you tell me I was guilty of?" asked Annie.

"Did I say you were guilty of anything?"

"Yes. You said, 'I was about to ask if you were guilty, but you have already told me so!'"

Annie's friend thought for awhile, and then replied:

"I remember now! I thought you had been calling him names. Had you?"

"I forget."

Unfortunate Annie! This was worse than ever. She had so carefully prepared her armor, her weapons of offense and defence, and now there was to be no battle at all! No battle, because there was no enemy.

If she loathed, detested, abhorred, hated him before, she loathed, detested, abhorred, hated him a thousand-fold more now. He had been laughing at her, making a fool of her! He *thought* he had seen her, forsooth! Such impudence! *Such* impudence!! Who was he that he should dare to trifle with—

Here Annie paused in the torrent of her thoughts. Trifle? Had he meant to trifle, or was not she a fool, rather, for having thought he could ever possibly be in earnest? Was he to blame, or was she?

"Good lands! If he only knew that I had, even for a moment, imagined him in earnest!"

Annie was so ashamed of herself at the mere thought that she could have sunk into her shoes. How she wished he were not coming! It was not he who was to be feared—it was herself. How could she dare speak to

or even look at him after such folly? Truly, "conscience makes cowards of us all!"

She was out when he arrived, and on her return found that he had both come and gone.

"I think he was sorry to miss you," said her friend. "He said he wished to see for himself whether you are really the same young lady he met at Nilsing; but of course, you are!"

"Am I?" thought Annie. "I doubt it very much." Then she said aloud: "I thought he was coming to stay?"

"So he intended; but he received an invitation to join a fishing party."

"And has he joined it?"

"Yes."

"It was very"—rude, Annie was about to say, but changed her mind. "It was inconsiderate, after the trouble you had taken for him."

"You have made two mistakes, my dear. Those who know my cousin never charge him with being inconsiderate. I have taken no trouble at all."

What a chance is here for moralizing! Annie, for the second time in her life, had done something to be ashamed of. Judge the effect! She, who was wont to be rather too pronouncedly honest; she who, as a rule, was perhaps too plain spoken, now found herself having recourse to words that had no genuine ring, if they were not downright dishonest. She did not believe Smith to have been inconsiderate, and she knew that her friend had taken no trouble whatever. Why, then, have spoken meaningless words? She must now hide her thoughts and feelings. Oh! my brethren! Have you, too— But my brethren can guess the rest of the sermon.

One thing is certain. If Annie had sinned, she was punished, too. A snub is unpleasant enough for any one, but for such a haughty young person as my heroine, one who must always have the last word, it was terrible. And yet she felt the rebuke was so well merited that she had not a syllable to utter against it. Nor was this the whole of her punishment. She was most desirous of knowing whether he was expected later, and if so when, and she was debarred from seeking the information.

However, it was a good thing to know that there was now no necessity to go to Nilsing and have recourse to the desperate remedy she had proposed to herself. She could remain where she was, and was glad to do so. But was she contented?

When Annie had decided upon that one and only way of escaping what she considered the persecution of Ebenezer Smith, it had been necessary to think very carefully of each of her lovers, weighing the good points of one against the good points of another. Now this was a new experience for her. Heretofore, any man who became her lover lost, by that one piece of folly, any good qualities he had formerly possessed, and stood henceforth in her (mental) book of fools. Now she was obliged to go through this book and search if any of the poor fools had a redeeming grace of any kind. Where she had been ready to see bad qualities she was now anxious to discover good ones. As a result she found herself, not comparing her lovers one against the other, but with Smith as if he were the standard! This had been maddening at the time, but now, when Smith's indifference was so well ascertained, the recollection of having made him the criterion was more than maddening, it was humiliating.

I have long been trying to combat the temptation to say a word in contradiction of the Englishman's state-

ment that Anne was vain or conceited. I can stand it no longer. It was a base fabrication. Had she been vain admiration would have been pleasing to her instead of distasteful. She would have welcomed any amount of new lovers instead of doing all she could to avoid them. The Englishman is a prig! If I had believed him I should have ceased to love her. As it is—but this story has nothing to do with me.

She was not vain. Nevertheless, she was a little disappointed to find that Smith had never been in earnest. I put it to any young lady who reads this account of her. If you had imagined some man, no matter how disliked, had been very anxious to secure you for his own, and you then discovered that such a thought had never once crossed his mind, would you be altogether glad to find that you had made a mistake? Would there not be a little—of course, a very little—disappointment? Would it be quite pleasing to know that, after all, this man was blindly insensible to your charms? Of course, you would answer that you did not care. So would Annie have answered had the question been put to her, but she would not have spoken with truth, although she might have believed she had so spoken.

I do not blame her for feeling disappointed. The feeling was but natural. When first she knew him she imagined he despised her. Then she found, or thought she found, that what she fancied contempt was in reality ardent admiration. But now that illusion of hers was dispelled, and she must believe once more that he despised her.

The first stage, the first idea, his contempt, had been bad. The second stage, her belief that he was in earnest and did not despise her, was worse. The third and reawakening stage was worst.

She began to wish he was in earnest, not that she would or could ever even like him, but it was so galling, so humiliating to be despised by him. She longed to show that she did not deserve his contempt; and the more she thought of this—and when was she not thinking of it—the more ardent did her longing become.

Time passed, and Annie knew that she ought to go home. There was no fear of her outwearing her welcome where she was. Her friend loved her dearly, and in addition Annie was a useful girl in a house, for

She could bake and she could brew,
She could make an Irish stew,
Wash a shirt, and iron, too.

If she had been loved before she had known Ebenezer Smith, she was loved much more now. He had done her good, though Annie would drive the thought of his having done so away when it arose. She was far less obstinate than she had been, and it was *his* doing.

But in telling of her intention to return home, Annie found that she had to be as obstinate as she had ever been. She *was* obstinate, and, as of old, had her way.

Two or three days before that fixed for her departure her hostess received a letter from Ebenezer. Annie saw it before it was opened, and so was able to somewhat still the beatings of her heart, which surprised her by the wildness.

Mrs. A. read the letter through, and folded it up again.

"Of all the eccentric men I know, my cousin is the most eccentric!"

"What has he done now?"

"He has married and gone to Europe."

Oh, Annie! do those blanched cheeks look as if you hated him? Does that throbbing heart betoken indifference?"

She knew it now! Now that it was too late, she knew it! She loved him!

How thankful she was when her friend left her alone! How more than thankful when she could fly to the solitude of her own room! None saw those scalding tears, none heard those groanings of a wounded heart.

Now, Annie, now is the time to be obstinate! Shall all the world know of your folly? Will you wear your broken heart upon your sleeve?

"I will die," she exclaimed aloud, "before any shall have a suspicion of what a fool I have been! I will get over it, and that speedily. It shall not kill me. It shall not even make me unhappy."

She dried her eyes and bathed her face, and even as she did so resolved to begin the battle against herself at once. She would test her strength by talking to her friend of Mr. Smith.

She did talk, and asked questions so composedly that she surprised herself.

"When was he married?"

"He does not say."

"When did he sail?"

"I forget. Read the letter yourself. Read it aloud, for I was too astonished to give it careful attention."

Annie read the letter and found that the only reference to his marriage was as follows:

"I have secured a passage for myself and wife for England in the *Nautilla*. I will tell you all about her when I see you next."

"Does he mean his wife or the ship?" Annie asked. She had seen her own name and wanted to read the next sentence by herself before giving it aloud. "You ought not to have shown me this! He goes on to say: 'I beg you will say nothing of this to Miss Cranleigh.'"

"Then he knows of my weakness, my miserable weakness!" thought Annie. She made no further remark about the letter until she had searched through some old papers.

"Here it is!" she said presently. "The *Nautilla* sailed on the fourteenth."

It was ill-natured of Annie to be glad that her hostess had a sick headache that day; yet she was glad, for it enabled her to be alone. She determined to be brave, but knew that she could not become so all at once.

In the evening she strolled to a favorite spot of hers in the woods. She felt that she must indulge in her sorrow once more, but it should be for the very last time.

She had not been there long when she heard a voice close at her side softly calling, "Annie!"

She turned her tear-stained eyes and beheld the large-mouthed, red-headed, Ebenezer Smith.

She stood speechless, staring at him.

"I have come for my answer!"

I cannot tell, Annie never knew, but in the next second she was clasped, oh, such a willing captive, in his embrace.

"What made you tell me that you were married?" asked Mrs. A. of Ebenezer some hours later.

"I did not say I was married. I merely mentioned that my wife and I were going to Europe. And so we are, are we not, Annie?"

This was the first Annie had heard of it, and yet she answered, very, very tamely, "Yes."

Annie had one disappointment before her marriage; but as she has had none since, it was of no great consequence. I arose in this way.

She remembered that on the momentous day of the picnic Smith had told her that he would marry her within six months. She had given way about the mar-

riage, but would dearly like to try to have her way about the date thereof. She wanted to exceed the six months, if it was only by one day. To her disgust, when she began what she thought was going to be a struggle, Smith agreed at once. I could have told her that he would. I remember hearing him give some advice to a man who was going to be married.

"If you wish to be happy give way to your wife in all little things; but if she opposes you in great things *put your foot on her neck!*"

Far from being satisfied with her victory, Annie was so dissatisfied that she never had the slightest inclination to oppose Ebenezer's will again.

"And yet," she was telling me one last night, "since I have been able to subdue my naturally great obstinacy, I get my own way much more than I used to. There was a time when I believed Ben even more obstinate than myself, but he cannot be. He gives way

to me in everything, and says, moreover, that it is I who give in to him."

"Please repeat me correctly," chimed in the red-headed one, without removing his cigarette from between his lips. I laughed as I thought of Annie's former antipathy to the loathsome cigarette. "Repeat me correctly. I said that hitherto neither of us had had occasion for giving in. And so as we are one in reality as well as in name, there never can be occasion for giving in, for we have the same wishes and desires always."

Annie looked at me, as much as to say, "Is he not a wonderful man?"

"We are neither of us obstinate," this remarkable being said; "but if you really want a specimen of good, strong, downright, loudly asserted obstinacy, listen!"

"It is baby!" cried Mrs. Ebenezer, hastening from the room.

A MAIDEN'S DREAM-SONG.

THE prince is coming, coming,
O, robin, do you hear?
The prince is coming, coming
With sword and shining spear;
O, all ye blooming grasses,
You'll know it when he passes,
The sun will shine so clear.

The prince is coming, coming,
O, fields put on your green!
He has a wondrous palace,
And I shall be his queen;
You'll know him, wild-bee rover,
For when he smiles the clover
Will blush in rosy sheen.

The prince is coming, coming!
Away with toil and care!
I'll bind the red, red roses
All in my bonny hair.
O birdies, sing your loudest!
O roses, blaze your proudest
And make me passing fair.

The prince is coming, coming,
Across the bright blue sea.
O robin in the tree-top,
Do you his great ship see?
His sails will be the whitest,
His pennons stream the brightest,
The day he comes for me.

The prince is coming, coming;
O, daisies would you see?
Crowd closely all the roadside,
And find how grand we'll be
With breeze-tossed plumes a-dancing,
And snow-white palfreys prancing,
To church across the lea.

Then we'll go sailing, sailing—
O, bright will be the day
With all the waves a-glancing
And all the winds at play.
O, breezes blowing after,
Crowd full our sails with laughter
As we go down the bay.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

TWIN SONNETS.

[FOR MISS FLORENCE E.]

I—FLORENCE.

THERE is a city by the Arno's side
Which men call "Florence;" and the whole world knows
The august tale of her historic pride,
Which, like a stream of molten silver, flows
Back thro' the wondrous past, until each dome
(Like Duomo and Campanile) is dressed
In some bright story of the Tuscan home,
Where souls triumphant, doubtful, or oppressed,
Have left their high deeds written out in stone
More eloquent than any human speech,
So that whatever dear things Thought alone
Might find its soulless tongue too stiff to teach,
Delighted Fancy grasps and makes her own
Wedding proud Fact and fitting Legend each to each!

II

There is a fairer Florence lately grown
Amid our Western landscapes, whose dear face,
Like Arno's, catches all the glory thrown
From highest heaven, and every tender trace
Of joy and beauty which kind Nature's hand
Can limn upon the fairest human face
To bid our hardened spirits understand
How bright a woman's tender soul may grow!—
Ah, if in thy heart's crowded thoroughfare,
Where thoughts of all things noble, pure and sweet
Jostle each other like the mem'ries rare
That throng thy namesake's eloquentest street,
Thou wouldst permit one thought of me to dare
Dwell unrebuked, the joy would bring me to thy feet!

RUTHVEN JUDSON.

KRAO—A MISSING LINK.

THOUGHTFUL readers of the remarkable serial, "Once There Was a Man," just ended in *THE CONTINENT*, will look with puzzled interest upon the drawing from an English photograph, given herewith, and presenting a strange and perplexing link in the chain of biological research now attracting such general attention. Mr. Carl Bock, while exploring in the wild jungles of

face clearly connect her with the *quadru-manna*. She speaks many words both in Malay and English; is very affectionate; laughs when pleased, and is very spiteful when angry. It will be seen that her legs from the knee down and her arms from the elbow down are quite too long for a human child; yet in her great black lustrous eyes seems to shine an intelligence far



Upper Birmah, Asia, discovered and captured a strange family of human monkeys, consisting of father, mother and daughter. The father was first caught, afterward the child, when the mother voluntarily surrendered. Mr. Bock had much trouble in getting his captives out of the country on account of the superstitions of the people. First he was opposed by the Ruler of Laos, in whose province the capture was made. The father finally died of cholera, and he was permitted to take the child with two chiefs before the King of Siam, but the mother was not allowed to go. After much parleying he was at last required to adopt the child as his own, and give security for its good care, and then allowed to take it to England, where it was exhibited at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, London.

Krao is seven years old, and as will be seen from her picture is quite a beauty notwithstanding some peculiar characteristics that might be deemed defects in a Caucasian. Unlike the usual monkey type, she has two hands and two very pretty, human-looking feet; nevertheless, a double row of teeth in her mouth; pouches in her cheeks, where she stows away surplus food; and a coating of hair over the entire body and

above that of the brute creation. Her ability to speak, to learn even the ways of civilization, seem to warrant the belief that she ought to be ranked with the race which cooks and prints and laughs and talks. But what shall be inferred from the marks and features which seem so emphatically to connect her with a lower order of beings?

In this connection, too, it is appropriate to call attention to the traditions still prevalent among the Borneon Dyaks concerning a race of men having tails, individuals of which living natives—apparently trustworthy, as natives go—declare that they have seen. Mr. Bock is the author of an elaborate work on "The Head-Hunters of Borneo," lately published in England, and was so impressed by the apparent truthfulness of these stories that he actually organized two expeditions into the interior in the hope of securing specimens.

The likeness, which shows Krao in the lap of Lieutenant Farini, may be accepted as quite correct. It is from a photograph kindly forwarded to us by Professor E. R. Paige, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, whose explorations and contributions to scientific research and literature are well known throughout the country.

THE FRIEND OF THE DYAK.

MR. R. H. NEWELL's brilliant story, "Once There Was a Man," by its unique blending of historic fact with romantic fancy, has doubtless awakened a lively interest in the semi-regal personage whose stately presence fills a foremost place throughout the narrative, and it has occurred to the writer that a brief account of Rajah Brooke's extraordinary career amongst the Borneon Dyaks may not be unwelcome. How from being a mere private gentleman with a taste for geographical exploration he became by force of strangest circumstance the honored ruler of a populous province; how he bravely, wisely, patiently educated his rude barbarian subjects into a peaceable, industrious, prosperous people, and utterly exterminated the plague of piracy, whose blight so long had blasted those Eastern seas.

There was a time when it would have been no easy task to form a just estimate of Sir James Brooke, so fierce and bitter was the controversy which harassed and hampered him in the very crisis of his work, darkened his declining days, and did not even grant him respite in his lonely moorland grave; but as succeeding years passed by, and the course of events brought into clearer light the supreme unselfishness and enlightened philanthropy of his great guiding purposes, this difficulty has disappeared; and to-day, fifteen years after his noble life closed in impoverished retirement on the edge of wild Dartmoor, we may, uninfluenced by the prejudices which, the ignorance of some, the jealousy and wounded vanity of others, caused for a season to gather around him, look with unmingled pleasure on the man of whom it has been fittingly said, "In the annals of British worthies there is no purer or nobler name."

James Brooke first made this world's acquaintance at Benares, in the year 1803, being the son of an Indian civilian, who was not remarkable for anything in particular. As is usual with English children born in India, James was sent to the motherland for his schooling, and there with the help of an over-indulgent grandmother, who did her very best to spoil him, rapidly won the reputation of being "a perfect pickle," running away from his school more than once, proving too much for a private tutor, and otherwise having a rather turbulent time. Not that he was by any means a bad or vicious boy. On the contrary, he possessed to an unusual degree all those admirable qualities of head and heart which make boyhood lovable; but he had a boyish distaste for discipline, while his soft-hearted grandmother lacked the firmness necessary to control him. The consequence was that he never received any regular rudimentary training, a deficiency he so keenly felt some few years later, that by dint of hard reading thenceforth he ultimately acquired a wide knowledge of history, theology, law and natural science, which proved invaluable to him in his public life.

Joining the Indian army as a mere lad of sixteen, he went in heartily for all the fun, frolic and fighting which made up an officer's life; but a severe wound, received while leading a gallant charge in the Burmese war of 1825, sent him home invalided for several years, and at the expiration of his furlough, he decided to resign his commission. Obeying a desire to see more of the world, he then made leisurely a tour of the Eastern Archipelago, visiting also China, Malacca and Singapore, and returning once more to England. Soon after this his

father died, leaving him the snug little fortune of thirty thousand pounds, and Brooke was not long in determining how to utilize his capital. Purchasing a fine schooner yacht called the *Royalist*, he made a trial trip in her up the Mediterranean, which so satisfied him as to her capabilities that in December, 1838, he thoroughly fitted her out, manned her with a carefully chosen crew, and set sail from Devonport, bound for Singapore. He had no definite purpose in undertaking this voyage, unless it were to satisfy a boyish longing for adventure, a desire to visit wild countries, and, if possible, see what no civilized man had yet seen. At that time only a very hazy, superficial knowledge of Borneo existed, even in the best authorities, and the Admiralty maps were little better than guess-work. Now, it so happened that when the *Royalist* reached Singapore, a certain Rajah Muda Hassim, living at Kuchin, on the Sarawak river, somewhere in that *terra incognita*, had to the astonishment of all Singaporeans, shown some shipwrecked seamen substantial kindness, instead of adding their heads to the row already adorning his rafters, and the governor thought that he should be appropriately thanked for this unexpected humanity. Mr. Brooke, for lack of anything better in hand, offered to be the bearer of the said thanks, if he could only succeed in finding Sarawak. His offer was promptly accepted; and thus, in an apparently most accidental manner, did it come about that he visited the island of Borneo, with which his name and fame were henceforth to be inseparably associated.

On July 27, 1839, the *Royalist* sailed from Singapore, and a few days later favoring winds brought her to Sarawak, where Brooke beheld for the first time the fair and fertile land he was ere long to wisely govern.

The province of Sarawak was then nominally dependent on the Sultan of Borneo proper, who held his court at Brunei, some hundred miles northward, but had been goaded into rebellion by the brutality, greed and insolence of its governor, one Makota, a villain whose consistent iniquity no single spot of goodness ever varied. Muda Hassim, the sultan's uncle, and heir presumptive to the throne, had been sent down to Brunei to restore order, in which difficult task he had, however, made little progress when Brooke suddenly appeared upon the scene with his complimentary message. Muda Hassim at once seized upon the new arrival as a heaven-sent ally and offered him every inducement to afford him aid, finally promising even the government of the province itself, so soon as he should return to look after his own interests at the capital. Brooke did not jump at this tempting offer, flattering as it undoubtedly seemed, but, on the contrary, went back to Singapore without granting the desired help. In August of the following year, however, he returned to Sarawak, when finding no improvement in affairs, he yielded to Muda Hassim's entreaties and entered heartily into plans for the subjugation of the rebels. Although greatly delayed and worried at first by the cowardice, ignorance and irresolution of the men whom he was assisting, he at length succeeded in having things his own way, and one short campaign was crowned with complete success. The rebels surrendered themselves and all their possessions; the chiefs gave their families as hostages for their future good behavior (an aboriginal form of being bound over to keep the peace), and the civil war was ended.

Order being thus restored, Brooke had time and

opportunity to examine the real condition of the country, and verily it formed no pleasant picture. Tyrannical extortion, piratical incursions, and the horrors of civil war had reduced the people to the saddest possible plight, and never did a nation more sorely need the guidance of enlightened statesmanship, unselfish integrity and patient firmness. None of this escaped Mr. Brooke's keen eyes, and it was from motives of purest philanthropy, not of personal pride or passion for pelf, as his contemptible assailants darkly hinted in after years, that having pondered the matter long and seriously he decided to accept the grave responsibility of governing Sarāwak, with nothing to enforce his authority save the handful of Englishmen who had accompanied him, and the vague support of a shadowy distant sultan. No sooner was his decision announced, than to quote his own words: "Affairs moved cheerily to a conclusion. The Rajah was active in settling; the agreement was drawn out, sealed and signed; guns fired, flags waved, and on the 24th of September, 1841, I became governor of Sarāwak with the fullest powers."

It would require far more space than is at our disposal to present any adequate account of the white Rajah's rule at Sarāwak. For this we must refer the reader to an excellent biography, prepared by his secretary, Spenser St. John, from his personal papers and correspondence, which will be found an extremely interesting volume. From September, 1841, until September, 1843, when he visited England with full purpose to return, but was prevented from so doing by failing health, Rajah Brooke, either personally or by proxy, administered the affairs of Sarāwak, and, perhaps, the very best testimony as to the manner in which he wielded his practically absolute authority (for he really exercised more influence throughout the sultan's dominions than did the sultan himself) is given in the simple yet eloquent words of his devoted people: "*The Dyaks had heard, the whole world had heard, that the son of Europe was the friend of the Dyak.*"

To grasp the full measure of his undertaking, it would be necessary to acquaint oneself with the condition of Sarāwak and its people when he cast in his lot amongst them, and then to compare the picture thus presented with the aspect of affairs to-day. A more disorganized, disintegrated, hopeless, and helpless dependency of a weak, barbarous and bankrupt empire, torn by internal dissension and distracted by treachery, "fightings within and foes without," so to speak, could hardly be conceived than the province of Sarāwak in 1841. Yet in twenty short years an unquestioned authority speaking from personal knowledge, could testify of this same Sarāwak that, "it was tranquil and prosperous, without one element of discord; without a single native chief on whom suspicion could rest; prosperous too in its finances—a prosperity which has increased as time has passed away."

But the field of Rajah Brooke's beneficent exertions was not co-terminous with the boundaries of his own territory. Had he indeed done nothing more than what he achieved for Sarāwak, his title to a place among the immortals were worthily won, and he would, perhaps, have been spared the malignant persecution, which pretended to find cause for hailing him a murderous tyrant, in the immense benefit he rendered, not merely Borneo, but all humanity by his complete suppression of Dyak piracy.

In order clearly to understand this matter it will be necessary to glance at the condition of affairs when Brooke assumed the rôle of rajah. The population of

Borneo at that time might roughly be divided into two classes: those who dwelt along the coast, and those who lived inland; and the former, consisting of Sea Dyaks (the far-famed "head-hunters"), Malays and Arab adventurers, were, with few exceptions, pirates, who preyed upon the unfortunate inland dwellers when not too busy exercising their arts upon passing vessels. Commerce was utterly out of the question, for no sooner did a peaceable prahu descend one of the rivers freighted with the country's products than it was pounced upon by the ever-vigilant pirates, its crew shorn of their heads, and its cargo appropriated. These pirates, moreover, did not confine their operations to such game as thus came of its own accord within their reach, but every now and then made expeditions inland, burning villages, pillaging crops, slaughtering the men, and carrying off their families into direst slavery. The new Rajah soon realized that there was no hope for his dominions so long as this horrible state of affairs was permitted to continue, and consequently as soon as affairs were a little settled about him addressed himself with his customary vigor to putting down piracy. How thoroughly and expeditiously he accomplished this, with little loss of life, it would take us too long to tell, and we must refer our readers to Mr. St. John's thrilling narration. Suffice it to say that aided by the hearty co-operation of British war-vessels then on the East Indian station, and also of some East India Company steamers, the pirates, though immensely superior numerically, were completely vanquished, their strongholds destroyed, their prahus burnt, their property, spoils, arms, etc., captured, and very many of them deservedly dispatched. In 1849 was fought the decisive battle of Batang Marau, and never since then have pirates dared to ply their hellish trade among those summer isles of Eden so long desolated by their ravages.

These splendid services did not, however, meet with universal approbation in England. On the contrary, a wild storm of questioning and criticism arose, which in unscrupulous hands soon developed into fierce condemnation. Hume and Cobden took a leading part in this movement, although the real originator was one Wise, who had for some time acted as Brooke's agent in London and who was enraged against his principal because the latter would not co-operate with him in the formation of a Borneo Company on the same lines as the old East India Company. The House of Commons was again and again agitated with fiery discussion upon the question whether a commission should not be instituted to inquire into Rajah Brooke's transactions, the principal grounds of attack being that he was not justified in dealing with the pirates as he had, because they had never interfered with European commerce (which was false), their ravages being purely of an intertribal nature—in fact, were not pirates from a British point of view at all, and also that unnecessarily bloodthirsty means had been taken for their suppression. At first the motion for this commission was contemptuously negatived by immense majorities every time its promoters tried the issue of a vote, but finally, in another Parliament and under an altered administration, it was suffered to pass. Commissioners were appointed in 1854, who held a court at Singapore and the result of their investigations was that not one of the multitudinous charges brought against Rajah Brooke could be substantiated. This satisfactory result, however, made but slight amends to him for all that his pride, prestige and popularity suffered in consequence of such measures having been taken at all. The last dying echo of this

controversy, and the last attempt that has been made to blacken Brooke's fair fame, came curiously enough from Mr. Gladstone (see *Contemporary Review*, July, 1877), who employed his irrepressible pen during a leisure moment in bespattering a little ink over the Rajah's quiet tomb, but his inexplicable attack had little other effect than to call forth renewed declarations of the love and reverence by which its noble object is regarded among his countrymen.

In 1847 the Rajah of Sarawak paid a visit to his native land, where he was warmly welcomed by his own family and crowds of enthusiastic admirers, received appreciative consideration from the then ministry, and made many influential friends who ever after remained steadfast to him. London presented him with the freedom of that ancient city, the principal clubs and city companies made him an honorary member, Oxford honored herself in honoring him with her degrees, and, greatest distinction of all, the Queen testified her approbation by inviting him to court. During his stay he was appointed governor of the new settlement of Labuan, an island off the Borneo coast which he himself had secured for England; and when at Singapore, on his return to Borneo, received news of his having been made a K. C. B., and was thus Sir James Brooke for the future.

He made a second visit to England in 1851, on which occasion, although not so enthusiastically received, thanks to the malignant persecution already referred to, still hosts of friends rallied around him, and strove in every way to mitigate the suffering caused by those malicious attacks. A third visit was made in 1858, with the principal object of persuading the government to add Sarawak to the British dominions, and, failing that, at least establish a protectorate. In this, much to his disappointment, he was unsuccessful, the utmost that the government would do being to send a consul there in recognition of the state's existence.

Troubles now began to thicken upon him, and his private fortune had been spent in building up Sarawak, while its revenues were still inadequate for the plain necessities of its existence.

Had it not been for timely aid, more than once afforded by faithful friends, his pecuniary difficulties might have proved overwhelming. On the top of all this came a revolt of the Chinese, who had settled in large numbers in Sarawak, which, taking place during his absence, assumed such serious proportions as to threaten the complete undoing of all his good work. Then the tide turned again. The revolt was utterly stamped out. The finances of the province rapidly improved. Sir James' relations with the home authorities became more pleasant and satisfactory, and there was a great change of public opinion in his favor, so it was with happier heart and brighter hopes that in 1863 he set out once more for England, leaving his nephew (the present rajah) in charge of affairs. During this visit it became only too evident that his health was failing fast, and his friends having subscribed a handsome testimonial for him, he purchased with it a quiet little place called "Burrator," on the edge of Dartmoor, where he spent his remaining years in almost complete retirement, making himself as beloved by the rough moorsmen, for whose tales of trouble he ever had a sympathetic ear and open purse, as he had been by the Bornean Dyaks. One paralytic attack succeeded another as years went by, until in June, 1868, came the final call, and on the arms of an old friend and follower, Sir James Brooke, the White Rajah, resigned his pure and noble spirit into Him who gave it. Thus lived and thus died he who was above all others, "the friend of the Dyak."

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further."

JAMES MACDONALD OXLEY.

ENDURING THE WAR.

BY WILTON BURTON.

It will not be denied that our civil war tried the courage and fortitude of soldiers in the field on both sides. It is equally as true that to Southern noncombatants who remained at home it was a trial of endurance, and when a negro says (as they all do say) "endurin' the waw," he unwittingly makes use of an expression that vividly recalls the hardships and privations of those four long years of strife. It was a matter of enduring to slaves as well as masters, and it is but just to say, that though severely tried and tempted, a very large majority of the former continued faithful to the women and children of the dominant race rendered helpless by the absence of their natural protectors.

One of the humble heroes of those trying times is "Uncle Cudjo." His form is now bent with the weight of years; he has outlived his usefulness as a laborer, but is supported and cherished for the good he has done by those upon whose gratitude he makes an indisputable claim.

"I'm one o' de has-beens," says Uncle Cudjo, alluding to his former greatness and present obsolescence.

"I been a man in my times. Shoo! I could stan' mos' anything. You talk 'bout hard times an' tribulation! You don' know nothin'. De reason you talks dat way, you warn't yer endurin' de waw. You warn't borp den, bless gracious! an' ef you had a-been you wouldn't a-been yer now, becuse hit tuck a man to stan' dem times an' come out 'live.

"W'en I was a young man I didn' have no more sense 'n you got, I didn' know what waw was, 'cep'n hit mean fightin' de Injins way down in Flurridy. But de comic hit 'pear in de iliments, an' de ole folks 'low dat was a sign o' waw. Some say de niggers was gwine to rise, an' dey ris, too, honey; dey ris ever' mornin' w'en de obseer toot his ho'n.

"Sho nuff, atter w'ile de news come dat de folks was a-fightin' in the waw, and ever'body 'low 'Let um fight; dey ain' no kin.' Ole man Crake 'low he gwine to drink all de blood what git spil' in dat waw, becuse dem jugmouf Yankees dey wouldn' fight. Ole man Crake he was a big man. He been to Congress up yander in Washin'ton, Georgy, whar Mass Tom

Toom's stay, an' he had de name o' bein' de smartes' man in de county—an' he was, too, mon, because w'en all de yuther men was in a big hurry to go to de waw an' git kill, he stay home an' make more'n two bushel o' money on salt.

"My ole missis she was a widder 'oman. She never had no son 'cep'n' Mass Tom, an' he 'low he was gwine to git de fus' shoot at de Yankees. He was mighty 'feard de waw was gwine to stop 'fo' he could git dar. But hit las' Mass Tom he went, he did. He was a pow'ful sorry-lookin' chance, because he never weigh more'n a hun'ded weight, an' his han's was sof an' w'ite. But he had de golwhoppines' bowie-knife, made out'n ole Miss' cyarvin'-knife file. Hit retch down to his knees, an' hit keep on stickin' in de top o' his boot ever' time he lif' his lef' foot.

"Ole Miss an' de young ladies dey cried an' dey cried w'en Mass Tom lef'.

"Ole Miss 'low: 'Well, Cudjo,' says she, 'I ain' got nobody to 'pen' on now but you. You got to be my ober-seer an' ten' to all my business,' says she. 'You got to make de niggers wuck an' make me sump'n t'eat,' says she, 'because my po' boy he's gone to the waw,' says she, 'an' I know he'll git kill,' says she.

"I laid down my axe, I did, which I was des gwine to cut down a tree to make bodes, and I says, says I, 'Missis,' says I, 'look at me,' says I.

"She says, says she, 'I sees you,' says she.

"How long you been knowin' me?' says I.

"Ever sence de fus' time you was born in dis wul,' says she.

"I says, says I, 'Well,' says I; an' I pick up my axe an' went on to de woods, an' from dat time on I was de boss o' dat plantation. Ole Miss trus' me with everything. I toted the keys and medger out de 'lowance to de niggers. W'en she want anything f'om town she sont me atter it. She mos'ly trade at Mr. Meadorses sto'. Seem like I don't never see no sto's dese days like Mr. Meadorses sto' was 'fo' de waw. Hit look mighty small w'en dey tar it down las' year to buil' a brick sto' in de place of it, but dat was because de waw swunk it up so. Hit was a sho' 'nuff big sto' 'fo' de waw. Shoo! Hit could a swallowed 'bout a dozen sto's like dey has dese days, and den hit'd a been hongry. Dey warn't nothin' you couldn't buy dar.

"Atter de waw was gwine on a w'ile ole Miss sont me atter ten poun' o' coffee. I went in Mr. Meadorses sto', an' hit's de God's truth, dey warn't a thing in dar cep't one box o' 'backer an' fo' sack o' salt. De price o' dat 'backer was five dollars a plug, an' 'fo' de een' o' de waw hit was twenty dollars a plug, an' ef a po' nigger want to spit red he hatter bite his tongue. Es for dat salt, ef you want any o' hit, go an' sell two likely nigger fellers, an' may be Mr. Meadors let you have a poun' for what dey fetch.

"Salt was 'bout de sca'ces' thing endurin' de waw. Folks had to dig up the naichel dirt out'n de smoke-houses, whar de meat drip, an' bile dat to make salt.

"Leather was mighty sca'ce, 'cep'n' you tan it at home. Dey made it out'n horse-hide an' hog-skin an' squirl-skin, an' ef a stray dog come 'long, an' he was toler'ble fat, he stan' a mighty slim chance to tote his hide back home. W'en we quit plantin' cotton we cut up de gin ban' to make shoe-soles, and saddles whar had skearts on um was out'n de fashion. Todes de las' dey made shoes out'n cloth, wid a piece o' plank for a sole, an' w'en a man walk he mashed de groun' same es a tree fell on it.

"Ole Miss 'low she couldn't do 'dout coffee. She 'bleeged to have sump'n what look like it, an' she made

it out'n parch w'eat an' parch okry and goobers. Hit was sweeten wid sloggum 'lasses what turn yo' teeth right black.

"Lamps an' can'les played out toler'ble soon, but ole miss got up sump'n in de place of um. Hit warn't nothin' but a cotton string 'bout es big 'roun' es my little finger, an' hit was soak in grease an' wax an' den hit was wrop roun' an' roun' a co'n-cob an' sot up in de middle o' de supper table. Hit never give no light what hurt yo' eyes like dese yer chanticleers in de w'ite folks chu'ch, but nobody never growl because dey couldn't fine de way to dey mouf; dey mos'ly growl because dey never had nothin' to put in it.

"W'en ole Miss want to write a letter she make me clam a oak tree an' git a ball to make ink out'n; den I catch a goose an' pull out a feather for a pen; de ole Miss writ on a leaf tore out'n de fus' part of a book, an' turn a ole embelope wrong-sided out'd to put de letter in.

"Mass Tom he writ home mos' ever' week, an' ever' time he writ ole miss 'low he was comin' nigher an' nigher todes home.

"I says, 'I'm mighty glad to year it,' says I.

"Ole Miss says, says she, 'I aint,' says she, 'because he's bringin' de Yankees on behine him.'

"Sho nuff, de Yankees kep' a comin' closer and closer, tell one day de news come dat dey was right dar at us wid a calbry comp'ny.

"Ole Miss call me.

"She 'low, 'Cudjo, is you yeared de news?'

"I says, says I, 'Yes'm,' says I.

"Well,' she says, 'does you know de Yankees gwine to be yer 'fo' night?'

"I says, says I 'Dat's de way de news reads.'

"Well,' she says, 'what you gwine to do?'

"I says, says I, 'Dey ain' no shot yer,' says I, 'but dey is some powder; an' I'm gwine to load up Mass Tom's gun wid rocks, an' de fus' Yankee what bodder you, I'm gwine to caddymize his stomach,' says I.

"Dat ain' gwine do no good,' says she. 'Ef you wants to do sump'n some account,' says she, 'you take my mules an' hide um in de swamp, whar de Yankees can't fine um. Dey ain' gwine bodder me,' says she; 'but dey'll sho take my mules.'

"I tuck two niggers to he'p me, an' cyawed de mules off 'bout two mile an' hid um in de big canebrake. I tuck Mass Tom's gun 'long, because I didn' know what dem two niggers had in dey haid. I tole um, says I:

"I wants to be free bad es any of you, but old Miss' mules got to be perfect,' says I, 'an' de fus' man bat his eyes like he gwine to de Yankees I'm gwine to pull dis trigger an' lef you right dar,' says I.

"De Yankees come, sho nuff, but dey never got nar huff of a mule f'om old Miss.

"She was a spunky w'ite 'oman. Dey ax her whar her mules, an' she 'low, 'Ef you wants my mules you go an' fine um,' says she, 'an' I'm hopes Cudjo'll fill yo' hides full o' lead.'

"Ole Miss knowed dey warn't nothin' but rocks in de gun, but she talk sorter biggity to scare de Yankees.

"Dey 'low dey warn't 'feard o' Cudjo, but dey tuck mighty good keer not to come whar Cudjo was.

"Dey went on to town, an' dey broke open Mr. Meadors's sto', but dey didn' stay dar long 'fo' up come a Fedrick jigadier-ginal wid flyin' artificials an' throwed shells at um; den dey vaccinate de town in a hurry.

"Seem like atter de Yankees was gone de debil got in de country. Dey was mo' stealin' dan de law 'lows. Patterolers gwine 'long ever' road. Ever' nigger hatter tote a pass, 'cep'n' he want fifty lashes.

"Well, sah, w'en things got sorter straight ag'in,

'long come de gubment men pressin' horses an' cows an' niggers. Dey tuck ole Miss' gentle buggy horse an' de likelies' steer on de hill. De tuck little Pete to wuck on de bresswucks.

"Folks say little Pete was a eejot, but he had sense nuff to git 'way f'om dem fellers, an' dey ain' never cotch 'im tell yit. Some folks knowed whar he hide, but 'twan't dem gubment men.

"Ole Miss 'low, 'We can't hole out much longer, Cudjo. Hit's a gittin to a mighty fine p'int,' says she. 'My niggers lookin' po' and skinny,' says she, an' ever'thing on the hill's gwine to starve,' says she.

"De gubment tuck de tent' o' ever'thing de farmers made. W'en you medjer nine ba'ls o' co'n for yo'se'f you got to medjer one for de gubment. De same way 'bout meat, eben to de sotchild.

"De gubment built a nice house in de aidge o' town. Hit was mighty nigh es big as Mr. Meadorses sto' was fo' de waw. Dey keep all de 'visions what dey tuck f'om de farmers, in dar. Hit make a man mouf water to look at um.

"De man what stay in dar to take keer o' dem 'visions, he was de onlies' rale fat man I seed endurin' de waw."

THE FESTIVAL OF CHILDHOOD AT THE FAMILISTÈRE.

THE late annal *Fête de l'Enfance* at the Familistère was one of the most interesting in the history of that institution; which now counts twenty years of success.

This community, as the name implies, is a home for families. It was founded by M. Godin, the millionaire industrial chief, at Guise, in France, for the benefit of the employes in his iron works. At first, and for many years, they rented apartments in it; enjoyed the schools, the fine nursery, the swimming baths, warmed by the exhaust steam of the foundry; the laundry, the lovely gardens and grounds, the stores, supplying everything needed in families, and accessible without going out of doors; the library, reading-rooms, billiard-room, musical and other societies—all these they enjoyed, simply because they lived in the Familistère—but all these years the great heart of the founder has been occupied with the task of teaching those poor iron-workers, many of whom were very ignorant, how to co-operate together, and, with him to the end, that they might own their own palatial home and preserve it for their children when they themselves should be in their graves. Through every kind of opposition, both from without and within; through treachery, suspicion, jealousy and calumny, he has toiled unweariedly until he has effected a thorough organized association of capital and labor: has, in truth, practically solved that vexed question. By the constitution of the association the whole property, amounting to several millions, will be owned by the members of the association who furnish labor to the enterprise instead of capital. This will be accomplished, at the present rate, in about ten years. Meanwhile, the young generation of the Familistère schools, now numbering about three hundred, are coming upon the stage of action well instructed in the principles upon which their happy and prosperous home is founded. The inhabitants of the Familistère number about twelve hundred, or about three hundred families, each living in a suit of apartments and enjoying all the independence and privacy which families so much desire. Two suites can be opened into each other, or the communications sealed up as families grow larger or smaller. All the rooms are high-studded and effectively ventilated by means of great underground galleries, passing all round the quadrangles on the outside and around the three great courts on the inside. Opening into these there are passages passing from every room down the interior of the walls. The air is always fresh and tempered, so that it is never extremely hot nor extremely cold in the Familistère.

There are two great annual festivals in the Familistère, in both of which the children are greatly inter-

ested, but especially in their own: the *Fête de l'Enfance*, which occurs in October, after the school examinations are over. It is the great occasion of the year for the children of the schools. The head of every little girl, on the day preceding it, bristles with curl-papers, and early on the morning of the festival the children, fresh and rosy as youth and joy, baths and the prettiest toilets can make them, begin to appear upon the balconies of the courts. These extend all around the courts on the second, third and fourth stories, and the apartments open upon them. They are broad and strong and floored with colored tiles.

The weather was fine on the day of this last festival, only the wind was high and very roughly handled the flags hoisted upon the central pavillion. The preparations were completed early in the forenoon, and at the signal, a bugle-blast, the procession began to form in its accustomed order: At the head the company of the Familistère firemen; the clarions; the orchestra; the personnel of the association: the children of the schools—the white, blue, rose, and other colors of the girls' costumes contrasting prettily with the background of sober colors made by the costumes of the boys. The archery company closed the procession.

On arriving at the theatre, the place of destination, the principal members of the association take their places on the stage behind a double bank of foliage and flowers, and the orchestra (*l'Harmonie du Familistère*) executes with great taste "*Emina*," a musical fantasia. The banner of this society recalls their success at the recent musical tourney at Colombes. The children then sing the "*Marseillaise*" in chorus, and Mr. Godin pronounces a very significant discourse. He dwelt upon the necessity of having better schools in the city of Guise: of his efforts in that direction which had not been seconded by the municipal authorities; and he showed by the records how greatly the schools of the Familistère excelled them. For example: at the last examination of the officers of the National Bureau of Public Instruction, the children of the Familistère schools took fifteen certificates, while the schools of the Canton of Guise took only sixty-four; that is, for a population of 20,000, against the 1200 of the Familistère! But the Familistère children can study better than others, for they have not only the most perfect school-rooms, furnished with improved furniture, in every instance adapted to the size of the child; the light so arranged that all portions of the black-boards can be clearly seen at all times, but they have superior incentives to study.

After the address of Mr. Godin, the children intoned

"La Caille" (The Quail), a chant remarkable for its harmonies; and before the distribution of the ordinary prizes and rewards of merit, Mr. Godin rose and gave notice that, in the name of the Board of Directors of the Association, he would give to all the pupils who had won the first grade in their studies the sum of one hundred francs voted to them by the Board. Fifteen crimson cases were then placed on the table. Mr. Godin opened one and showed a one hundred franc certificate of stock. Then, addressing the pupils, he said: "Consider these certificates, my dear children, as the beginning of your savings in the society of the Familistère, and that from this day forward you are stock-holding members. Never lose the memory of this happy day, and may it be the starting-point of your future prosperity in the association."

Mr. Godin then called for the roll of honor, and as their names were pronounced by the well-beloved founder of the institution, seven boys and eight girls stepped forward and received the prize. He then explained to the audience, many of whom were visitors, that it is an established custom in the Familistère to award prizes in the school according to the votes of the children themselves; and that experience has shown that the system is good, the votes in all the classes being given to the most worthy of honor; to those, indeed, whom the teachers themselves would have designated.

Two extra prizes were given this year—one by the president of a well-known society in France, the other by the librarian of the same society. These were beautiful books; one to be awarded to the boy the other to the girl who had most distinguished themselves during the school year for assiduous application to study. Responding to the wishes of the donors, the four girls and the four boys obtaining the highest grade in the last examination were asked to decide by ballot which of them had shown the greatest devotion to study. Accordingly the two laureates, Palmyra Becquet and Gaston Prudhomme were called. The audience applauded warmly as these students received prizes.

The song of "The Mosses" by the children ended the ceremonies in the theatre. The procession then reformed and marched into the court of the right quadrangle of the palace, where a large audience awaited them. There the orchestra performed a beautiful piece of music entitled "Un Soirée pres du Lac" (An evening by the lake), followed by a remarkable patriotic composition, in which, while the brass instruments played "The Marseillaise" as an accompaniment, the other instruments played the song of "The Girondins," the two songs blending perfectly. During the perform-

ance of this the scene presented in the court was most striking. At the end of the hall, brilliantly lighted by its roof of glass, were grouped the children with their banners all displayed; in front of them the members of the association and the inhabitants of the Familistère, the whole framed as it were, by long lines of the firemen and archers in their gay uniforms. The balconies—three tiers of these surrounding the court—were filled with people, ladies especially, a good part of whom were from the city of Guise. In the evening there was a grand ball in the great central court. The balls of the Familistère are great occasions and occur several times a year. The scene is always magnificent. The glass roof, the brilliant gaslights, the tiers of galleries festooned with garlands of flowers and evergreens, the decorations of banners, mottoes, floral designs, etc., altogether form a scene never to be forgotten; and when one reflects that this grand palace and all its luxuries and comforts, and, best of all, its institutions, which insure the laboring man and his family against sickness and misfortune—when one reflects that all the people can have like homes all over the world, and thus escape the loneliness, the insecurity of dependence upon some outsider's shop for work, the poverty, the difficulty of securing education, the neglect and suffering in sickness—all the thousand ills of isolation—it is hard to wait the movement of the car of progress.

During the ball, of which we were speaking, Mr. Manier, a member of the Municipal Council of Paris, was seen with the founder of the Familistère in the first gallery, and it was observed that he was much moved by the scene before him.

A Montgolfiere balloon figured upon the programme for the afternoon, but it was put off for the next day on account of the high wind. Then it was sent up after much hesitation and made a complete failure. On the second day the children played games of all kinds, and the fête ended by a second ball as brilliant as that of the preceding night. The whole programme is the same, in the main, from year to year. Its minor features only are changed. There are two great festivals at the Familistère every year—that of the children here described, and that in honor of Labor, which occurs in the spring.

There are many labor and other journals in this country, all engaged in studying the solution of the labor and capital problem. Why will not some one of them begin their instructions with the first principles of the solution, given so clearly and luminously in the works of M. Godin, and illustrated so grandly and so successfully in practice by the Familistère at Guise?

M. HOWLAND.

TWILIGHT.

A SONG FOR TWO VOICES.

LIONEL.

THE golden light of the sunset is fading,
And the stars are appearing one by one,
And the purple twilight is slowly invading
The depths of the glen where our bower is hidden
By the scented briar that comes unbidden
But not unwelcomed, and thro' the grove
The zephyrs glide softly, like words of love
From Diana's lips to Endymion.
In our leafy bower,
At the sacred hour
Of twilight, dear love, I wait for thee.

LAURA.

I know that my darling is waiting for me
At our place of tryst in the silent glen.—
Let me hasten my footsteps over the lea,
That my soul may drink the minstrelsy
Of the voice that whispers thrillingly
Passionate words that are each a caress,
And quicken emotions I may not confess,
Not e'en to the listening stars above,
Lest they should unfold
What must be untold
To all, but my love, who waits for me.

JOHN HARMAN-ASHLEY.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

DISCUSSION OF THE PLAN PROPOSED.

In considering the plan proposed in the last paper we give precedence to its

ECONOMY OF ADMINISTRATION.

It will be observed that it makes provision for no new federal official. Except the necessary increase of the clerical force in the office of the Commissioner and the stationery and postage of his office, there need be no increase of the governmental expenditure. At the very utmost, it would appear that fifty thousand dollars a year would be sufficient to administer a fund of fifteen million dollars upon the plan proposed. This is, of course, upon the hypothesis that the Commissioner is a man of practical administrative capacity. Upon this system he will be merely a financial agent—the paymaster, as it were, of the fund. The questions he will have to decide will not be of a literary or educational character, but purely legal and financial. In addition to the highest business talent, he will require tact in negotiation, and in the avoidance and adjustment of questions of difficulty arising between his department and the officers of the various state systems of instruction. The material for the distribution of the fund, it will be noted, he already has in hand. The facts of the census, relating to illiteracy, are reported in detail with regard to the smallest municipal subdivisions. The transfer of a few clerks from the Census to the Educational Bureau would suffice, in a few weeks, to prepare a schedule of the amounts to which every township or district was entitled. In case of change of boundary, or difference as to the amount to which any district was entitled, it could soon be decided by reference to the duplicate returns of the census-takers on file in the court-house of every county.

ITS CERTAINTY AND SIMPLICITY.

The fund passes through no intermediate hands. The Commissioner remits a check payable to the order of the man who has done the work, which is to be countersigned and forwarded by the State Superintendent. The work is already done. Its performance is certified to by the regular state officials. If there is any doubt about the fact, action may be deferred and inquiry instituted. It would, perhaps, be well to have the vouchers executed under oath, as in the case of payments to pensioners, and with like penalties. All this is, of course, a mere matter of detail which should be elaborated before the measure becomes a law. It is doubtful, however, if a like sum is disbursed by any department with so little chance for any slip betwixt the cup and the lip.

ITS STIMULATING EFFECT UPON STATE SYSTEMS.

By providing that the sum appropriated shall in no case exceed one-third or one-half the sum to be expended in maintaining the school a most powerful incentive is offered to local and individual exertion in this direction. This part of the plan proposed is borrowed from the rules governing the operation of the Peabody Fund, which has undoubtedly been the best managed and most effective charity the world has ever known. By offering a premium for self-help it has done more to stimulate and encourage educational enterprise at the South than could possibly have been done in any other manner. The promise of one-third or one-half the needed funds has inspired many a Southern man to

a liberality of expenditure for the public good which he would otherwise never have dreamed of exercising, and many a father and mother have been impelled by it to self-sacrifice for the sake of their children which would not otherwise have been thought worthy of a moment's consideration. Take Alabama as an instance of the probable workings of such an act. By the table already given, it will be seen that the share her people would be entitled to receive of an annual appropriation of \$15,000,000 would be \$1,127,869.83. The total amount raised by state taxation in that state in 1880 was \$250,000. Even of this the fact that both items of taxes received are given in round thousands affects the mind with doubt as to its accuracy. But does any one suppose that the people of Alabama would fail to raise another million, in order to secure the benefits of this appropriation? In other words, the appropriation of \$15,000,000 by the general government will lead every Southern state except Missouri, Virginia and Maryland to double or treble their own appropriations for school purposes.

CO-OPERATION OF STATE AND NATIONAL AUTHORITIES.

The plan proposed can in no sense be regarded as an invasion of the right of the state or an undue extension of the national power. It is simply a bonus offered to the people of each of the lowest municipal subdivisions of a state for the doing of a thing deemed essential to the public weal. If the state does not see fit to co-operate in this movement there is no attempt to coerce its action. Of course, it would be a brave legislator who would cast his vote against the acceptance of such an imperial bounty; but if such an opinion prevails in any legislature there is no penalty visited upon any one except the usual reward of stupendous folly. As to the practical effect, there can be no doubt that an overwhelming majority of both races at the South would be heartily in favor of accepting such bounty, and the very fact that it came without any condition affecting the control of the schools would take away the gravest and most serious objection that has been urged against the idea of national education by the leading thinkers of that section.

PUTTING THE REMEDY ON THE SORE.

The provision which requires the sum appropriated on account of colored illiterates to be expended for the support of schools for colored pupils, is one of the most valuable elements of this plan. In the present state of public feeling at the South it is but natural that there should be a strong tendency to neglect the education of the negro. The Southern whites, impoverished by the false economies of slavery as well as by the results of war, feel, very naturally, that the burden of instructing some millions of colored illiterates, whom the nation has made voters, is a task beyond their strength, as well as one that ought not to be required of them. Such a donation by the nation which liberated and enfranchised the blacks toward their enlightenment and elevation, will be received by even the most incredulous among them as a guaranty of good faith and kindly sympathy. The only thing required of state officials in this respect, as in others, when co-operating with the general government in the distribution of its bounty, is simple good faith in the performance of the conditions on which it is granted.

THE GOOD PAYMASTER PAYS WHEN THE WORK IS DONE.

The best possible security against a misappropriation of the fund is that not a dollar of it is to be expended until full and sufficient proof is made of the complete performance of the act it is designed to encourage and promote. The goods are to be delivered before the money is to be paid. The opportunity for fraud is thereby reduced to a minimum, and its probability absolutely excluded.

ITS RELATION TO PARTIES.

So far as regards partisan politics, a measure of this character is not in its results promotive of the special interests of either wing of political thought. If it had been adopted by the Republicans while they had entire control of the government and in fulfillment of their renewed pledges to that effect, it would have been a most sagacious stroke of policy which would have renewed and confirmed their ascendancy. Should it be adopted at the present session of Congress, with the hearty concurrence of the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, it would be at once taken out of the domain of party politics, and the honor of its adoption could not fairly be claimed as the distinctive property of either party. Should it fail of adoption at this session it will become a leading question in the

presidential campaign of this year, and will add materially to the strength of that party which shall be deemed most likely to secure its adoption.

HOW THE WORLD WILL REGARD IT.

As an act of public policy nothing can be imagined that would put American statesmanship in so favorable a light before the world. To have overcome the difficulties attendant upon our complex state-national organization and united justice, humanity, conciliation and sound policy in one measure designed primarily to secure the public safety, will do more to assure the world of the permanence, stability and beneficence of our institutions and to demonstrate the fact that the problem of self-government has been solved in the American Republic, than the overthrow of Rebellion, the payment of the public debt and all the other marvels of our first century of life.

That it will become an accomplished fact before the anniversary of the adoption of our constitution, no one who has tested the temper of our people upon this subject as fully as the author of "A Fool's Errand" and "Bricks Without Straw"—two works of which this measure was the heart and core—will ever permit himself to doubt.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"WHAT is it?" Dorothy asked, as John, who had led the way to a small arbor at the end of the old garden, turned and faced her, with a look she could not understand—shame, indignation, and yet a curious light in his eyes, as if something had been gained or determined upon.

"It is the champion idiot of America," he said, after a pause. "Sit down here, Dorothy. I can't keep it to myself, and there is nobody I am willing to tell but you. If I were not going to-morrow morning, I'm not sure I should tell, anyway; but I want to leave my cause in your hands."

"Your cause," Dorothy repeated, a little smile for a moment replacing the troubled look she had worn. "Ah! then you have—"

"Yes, I have," John said impetuously, throwing himself down on the seat near her, but springing up again and facing her. "I'll tell you the whole story, Dorothy; but I know you saw the beginning of it, for I couldn't keep it in. I can assure you I had no intention of falling in love. I had not the time. I do not believe in early marriages. I wanted to give my wife ease, and not hard work, if ever I had one. Then the girl of the period, always excepting yourself, seemed to me self-conscious, selfish, wrapped up in toggery; or, if she was beyond this, then in some high-strung notion of culture that upset comfortable living. Heaven knows I am not a woman-hater. Aunt Elizabeth has kept me from that; but she hasn't been able to keep even my own sister from a sort of finicalness that I despise. Well, I said to myself that there seemed to be some inward necessity for girls to be either prigs or idiots, and I'd wait till one with common sense appeared; and in the meantime, I held a good deal aloof

from the foolery always going on. I'm not looking for the ideal woman. I'm not the ideal man, and both of them are great humbugs, and ought to be sunk in the deepest sea. But the first afternoon I saw Sib—your cousin—I knew something unique was before me. That perfect unconsciousness was the curious thing. These girls here—Miss Cushing, for instance—are uncommonly nice girls—simple and straightforward and comfortable; but Sybil—yes, I will call her her own name, and not beat about the bush—Sybil seemed to be as far above them all as the stars, and yet not knowing it herself. That little slow smile, when the dimples came, and she looked for a minute hardly ten years old—you know it, Dorothy?"

"Yes, I know it," Dorothy said quietly. "Well?"

"Well, that began and ended it." I said to myself then, 'I have never seen anything like you. If there's any way in heaven or earth of getting your attention concentrated on something besides broken chairs and tables it's going to be done. A month isn't much, and she is always absorbed, and has no more notion than a baby of why I crossed her path so often. I'm a fool; I know it. I ought to have waited, but I couldn't wait.'"

"Sit down," Dorothy said, for John was marching up and down the arbor, and his voice though low was clear and penetrating. "Sit down—some one may be in the garden. What have you done?"

"I've cornered her, and made her listen to me whether she would or no. But it wouldn't have come just then, perhaps, if she hadn't been crying."

"John you are as exasperating as a girl," Dorothy said. "Who made her cry? Why can't you tell a straight story?"

"I'm doing it this minute," returned the surprised John, running his hands through his hair with an ex-

pression of utter and abject demoralization. "It was that everlasting Hopkins. He was driving somebody up from the station, and you know that little turn where the road branches off to the Springs and the big log by the brook. Sybil was sitting there a minute to rest, and I came down the hill through the woods as Hopkins drove by. The man with him evidently asked who she was; for Hopkins began to laugh as he answered, 'You've heard of old Waite, I suppose. Wal, that's old Waite's Sybil—boss carpenter an' hanger-on to the city-folks skirts.'"

"I could have knocked him down with pleasure, for Sybil looked after him a moment, and then I saw two tears roll down. I don't know exactly what I did. I was by her in a moment. I told her she must listen to me, and I held her hands, because she tried to run away. I told her there wasn't another girl in the world for me; that she might say no ten million times and I should still beg her to think it over again. I told her I would wait; she might do anything and everything she pleased in between if she'd only promise to give me a chance. I wouldn't speak to her again for a year if I could help it.

"By this time she just stood there and looked at me in a sort of daze. 'Can't you love me, Sybil?' I asked her. 'Won't you let me love you?' 'Why should you?' she said. 'I do not mean to think about such things. I belong to my father and to my work. I mean to study hard and learn how to do it well. There must be something wrong about me or you would not think and talk as you do. Please forget all about it.' 'I can't forget,' I said, and then I went on urging till she turned on me. 'You forget that I am only 'old Waite's Sybil,' she said. 'What would they think of you if they knew?' 'That is unworthy of you?' I said. 'The same blood is in your and Dorothy's veins, and if it were not, that makes no difference. I know what you are, and I want you.' Then she turned away, but I saw tears in her eyes. 'I think no one will have me,' she said. 'That isn't my life.' 'Will you think about me, if you think about any one?' 'I don't know—I don't know,' she said, and then she just ran up through the wood, and I had to let her go. It was all too hasty, but I don't care. Now, Dorothy, tonight I shall write a letter, and you must give it to her. I shall tell her that I will not torment her, but that she must think it over, and at Christmas time give me some sort of answer. I'll give her till then, and I'll wait for her seven years if she says so. But you must help, Dorothy. You must make her see that I will not interfere with her work—that I'll help it all I can. She shall be free as air in everything but her promise to me. We ought to be able to work together. Will you help it on, Dorothy?"

The young fellow's voice trembled a little as he put out his hand to Dorothy, who took it with an earnestness hardly less than his own.

"I shall do all I know how, John," she said, "and I will tell you how it seems to me after you are gone."

The tea-bell sounded as she ended, and without further word the two walked up to the house. Helen looked curiously at them both as they presently took their places at the table. Dorothy's face was less self-betraying than John's, which was paler than usual, but Helen noticed that the trout were neglected, and that while John talked over the plans for the next day, Dorothy was very silent.

"He must have proposed," she said to herself. "I wonder if Dorothy can have refused him. I never thought he'd really fall in love with Dorothy."

"Can I tell Auntie?" Dorothy whispered next morning as the good-byes were said and John slipped a letter into her hand, which Helen's quick eyes noted with wonder.

"Not yet," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "Wait till I tell you you may."

Dorothy ran up to her room and locked the door, and after a long look at the two figures passing down the village street, sat for a little while in deep thought, then rose and put on her hat.

"Things balance now," she half laughed. "Auntie is keeping things from me and I from her, but I shall be glad when the time comes that I can spill it all out. I never mind small secrets, but I feel now as if I carried a ton. What shall we do if Sybil is obstinate?"

Dorothy passed down the street under the great elms, yellowing in the autumn sunshine, and stopped to gather a few brilliant maple leaves and tuck them in her belt, eyed half approvingly, half disapprovingly, by Mrs. Lovering, who, armed with the "society basket," was flying across the street and who called out:

"Don't learn any more o' your cityfied airs to our Lowgate gals. Next thing you'll see a percession a' filin' into meetin', every one o' them with a bunch o' dead leaves stuck in somewhere."

Dorothy laughed. "Wait a moment," she called; and, hastily picking up a few more, ran across and pinned them on the sacred black alpaca basque encasing Mrs. Lovering's angular figure.

"You ought always to wear a bit of color," she said. "You are positively handsome when you're lighted up."

Mrs. Lovering gasped, and the captain, who had appeared suddenly from behind the lilac bushes, burst into a mighty "Ha! ha!"

"That's so," he said. "She knows. You was a mighty good-lookin' gal once, an' you might jest as well think consid'able more about fixin' up than you do."

Mrs. Lovering looked down at the leaves and then at her husband; and then, without a word, but with a slightly shame-faced expression, passed into the house and proceeded to look over the contents of the basket. Dorothy, in the meantime, hurried on, fearing that Sybil might be off before she reached the house, and soon had climbed the hill and turned a moment for her usual look toward the distant mountains. Mrs. Waite had come to the door, and smiled as she saw Dorothy, who put both arms about her. Sybil was just behind, and colored hotly—a blush which evidently distressed her. Dorothy kept her eyes on the panel she held, and Sybil, who could not recover herself, led the way to her own room, talking of the design, and showing a bit of carving she had just finished.

"Here is a letter," Dorothy said at last, laying it down on the table. "John asked me to give it to you, Sybil."

"I don't want it; I wish you would take it back, Dorothy."

Sybil's voice was full of distress.

"Don't be a goose, dear," Dorothy said lightly. "You have no right to send it back. Now I am going down to sit with your father for a while. Are you going to stay at home to-day?"

"Yes."

"Then may I come up here again after awhile?"

"Yes," Sybil said, after a long pause, and in a very faint voice. "Yes; but—"

"But me no buts," Dorothy answered, and was gone before Sybil had time for further reply.

The change Dr. Cushing had spoken of in Prescott Waite's condition had grown more marked with each

day. Still silent and often unconscious of what went on about him, strength had returned, and he sat up a large part of the day, following his wife's movements and watching Sybil's work with more and more interest and understanding. His melancholy, dark eyes lighted now as Dorothy came in. How much knowledge he had of her real relationship could not be told, but she was one of the few people whose coming gave him pleasure; so she sat there, and talked over the doings of the club with Mrs. Waite. Then she went quietly up the steep stairs, finding Sybil, sitting idle, the letter open in her lap.

Dorothy knelt down by her, and took her hands.

"I don't want to be a nuisance," she said, "but I know you'll feel better when you have talked it over a little. Dear Sybil, I don't wonder he fell in love. I'm in love myself."

"Nobody ought to know anything about it," said Sybil, the color mounting again. "I think it is dreadful. The whole village talked me over when Abel went away, and now—"

"And now not a soul but your very own cousin knows, and had to know because John was so miserable. Be reasonable, Sybil. Even if you don't want him and won't have him, you owe him some consideration."

"Owe no man anything," Sybil began, with a smile.

"But to love one another," Dorothy ended triumphantly. "Sybil, you know perfectly well that all he wants is to have you willing to think about it. I don't urge you. I wouldn't for the world. But I know John. There isn't such another loyal, steady, tender-hearted soul in the whole world, when you think how young he really is. I won't have him hurt more than must be. You don't know your mind about it, and can't yet. Just wait and be still. He won't trouble you after you have answered. Tell him you are willing to think, but don't you dare say you won't think."

Sybil caught her breath as Dorothy's impetuous words came. "Is it right?" she said, doubtfully. "He doesn't really care as he thinks."

"He does! he does!" Dorothy cried, her eyes fixed on Sybil's face.

Sybil was silent. She held Dorothy's hand still, but her eyes had the "inscrutable look" of which the elder cousin sometimes complained, and Dorothy, after watching her a few moments, drew her head down to her and softly kissed her cheek.

"Don't go off into such worlds beyond me," she said.

"Sybil, with all your sturdy ways and your practicality, sometimes I think you don't belong here at all. Where do you get that look? What does it mean? Won't you try to think about all this, like a live girl, as if you were to go on like the rest of us, and have a home and make happiness and be happy? Don't you ever think about such things?"

"Perhaps I think too much about them," Sybil answered slowly, slipping to the floor by Dorothy. "You don't know what I really think. Nobody does—now."

"Tell me," Dorothy said.

Sybil's eyes rested on her; the clear, soft look that always filled them when she was deeply intent on either thought or work. "I think so much about it all," she said, "that I had rather die than make any mistake, and I mean to wait till I am sure of myself, and sure of whoever thinks he needs me. All that trouble with Abel seemed horrible. He never entered my mind. How could he? He was part of the everyday outside life, and always kind. But don't you know, Dorothy, poor as we have been, some things have been as nearly perfect as things ever can be

down here. You don't know my father. People called him cranky and queer and half-crazy, and I knew it; but in all the village there isn't a soul—not even Dr. Cushing—who is as wise. My mother feels it just so, or she never could have borne our life. Father knew there was something better than money or the old place or anything he had cared most for. He could have fought and held on, but he said always his first business in life was not to watch to keep himself from being cheated, but that he never might defraud anybody else. He loved the old place just as I do—too much; but he cared for other things more. He made me think about marriage. We were always together so much, you know, when he taught me to work and all, and he told me often what he believed marriage to be—not what it is ever so much of the time, but what it means and is to be. I can't tell you as he could. It seems strange to try and tell it at all; but I want you to know, because I know it is true."

Dorothy's eyes were as intent as Sybil's, and she followed her slow words with absorbed eagerness.

"He told me once that he hoped I should never marry very young, because in youth it is 'the superficial and transient, not the spiritual and permanent' that control. One feels, but does not think. Love is strong, but wisdom has not joined hands with it, and nothing can be permanent till love and wisdom work together. Life brings this, if aims are pure and one has been taught how to live; and when the time comes the marriage must be right, because there can't be but one real one. If people are not naturally and eternally married, their very trying to live together means discord, discontent, disrespect, unhappiness. If they are, no matter what outside trouble comes, there is always more and more harmony, contentment, love. It has been so with father and mother in spite of everything, and he says that all slips have been his fault—because of his melancholy temperament that he has always had to fight. But he has made me know that I may better wait—grow myself all I can, and not dare to settle such things hastily, or just because they sound comfortable and pleasant. I couldn't tell your cousin what I really think. I can hardly tell you, and only in part. I want to know what I can do. I want to be wiser. And anyway, even if I cared precisely as the letter says he does, I would wait; and if he cared he would wait, too, and test it for both of us, and never dare rush into anything, that I want, if it comes at all, to be just as much for the life that is coming as for the life that is. I suppose it sounds unnatural to you, but that is how it is."

The two girls rose, and Sybil gave Dorothy one of her rare caresses, then took up her work and went down to her place by her father. Dorothy sat for a few minutes longer, then said good-bye, and went out into the clear sunshine, still thinking of Sybil's words.

"John won't understand, and yet I don't know but that he will," she thought. "I wonder how many marriages there would be if girls all looked at it her way. What a strange life. She is always way up above her circumstances, and while I am longing to make things easier for her, she is miles beyond the botherations. And yet she is ambitious. At any rate, she loves to work, and is eager to see how much more she can do. Anyway, she must write to John, and the battle is between them. I wish I could tell Auntie."

"Come in a minute," called Molly Cushing from her window, and Dorothy, with a perplexed shake of her pretty head, answered the summons and was soon deep in consultation over the affairs of the What-To-Do's.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MIGMA.

Our Anniversary.

WITH this number THE CONTINENT begins its third year. The last twelvemonth has been a period of steady and healthful growth. Though it has not been without its difficulties, they have all been safely surmounted, and a fairer future lies before us than ever before. THE CONTINENT has never made uncertain promises. We have from the first assured our readers that we would spare no endeavor to make each number better than the last. This promise we have faithfully endeavored to fulfill; and, all things considered, we feel that the commendation which has been so liberally bestowed upon us by our patrons and friends has been justified.

The two volumes covering the year contain nearly one thousand seven hundred pages of reading matter, each nearly a third larger than those of the monthly magazines. In them are stories, serial and otherwise, by such authors as Marion Harland, A. W. Tourgée, Rhoda Broughton, R. H. Newell, Helen Campbell, Philip Bourke Marston, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, H. H. Boyesen, and a score of others whom we cannot here enumerate. The illustrations have numbered more than fifteen hundred, including the work of such engravers on wood as G. Kreull, W. H. Morse, H. Wolf, H. Velten, Fred Juengling, John P. Davis, J. H. Whitney, F. French, T. Johnson, W. Miller, G. P. Williams, J. S. Foy, and others; and drawings by such artists as W. Hamilton Gibson, A. B. Frost, Kenyon Cox, Percival De Luce, Harry Chase, Howard Pyle, Alfred Fredericks, W. T. Smedley, H. F. Farny, Will H. Low, Percy Moran, Walter Satterlee, F. B. Schell, J. Pennell, Jessie McDermott, Alice Barber, C. H. Stevens, Frank Bellew, and many others.

Our advertisers have found advantage in the pains that have been taken to render our advertising pages attractive. In one respect the English advertisers have until recently shown themselves much wiser than our American business men. These are just learning the superiority of magazine over newspaper advertising. The newspaper is transient in its character and influence. Read to-day, it is thrown away before nightfall, and the next day has become a part of the wastage of our busy life. Even a weekly journal of the larger size very rarely remains in existence as a readable sheet more than a week after its reception. On the contrary, a magazine, protected by a stout and attractive cover, is almost indestructible, and the advertising contained in its pages partakes of this permanency of character. For weeks and months together it is to be found upon the center-table, and in many instances, especially since the adoption of our beautifully illuminated cover, is bound up—advertisements, covers and all—for the library.

During the present year we have arranged for certain modifications which, without materially changing the character of the magazine, will, we believe, greatly improve its general excellence and attractiveness. The changes will consist, in the main, of the following:

- 1—The amount of serial matter will be reduced, it being our general purpose to make the stories of such length as to be complete either in one weekly number or in one monthly part.
- 2—A series of short stories by eminent authors, which we have secured under the general style of "Too True for Fiction," will begin at an early day. The different stories will be published anonymously,

but the names of the authors of the series will be published from time to time in connection with it, and each reader will be allowed to fit the author to the story from his own knowledge of the style of the various writers. An interesting feature of the publication of these stories will be the offer of a variety of prizes for those who guess correctly the authorship of some or all of them, the details of which will be announced hereafter.

These tales will all be based on veritable incidents of the character which every writer of fiction so often meets—too startling and unusual to be accepted as real if found in the pages of ordinary fictitious narrative. The truth which is stranger than fiction is known to no one so well as the novelist. The world is full of facts so marvelous that no writer of fiction dare use them in work that is to stand under his own name. Almost every one who has engaged to write for this series has expressed the utmost pleasure at the opportunity to use some of these most interesting and striking incidents without being compelled to resort to the cover of a *nom de plume* in order to do so. Each story will be complete in one number of THE CONTINENT.

The following authors have contributed to this series, or have one or more stories in preparation for it. Other names will be added to the list from time to time, and no story will be published until the author's name has been published at least once in the list of contributors to this series.

"TOO TRUE FOR FICTION."

CHARLES BERNARD.	EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
ROSE TERRY COOKE.	HELEN HUNT JACKSON (H.H.)
EDGAR FAWCETT,	SARA ORNE JEWETT.
(Author of "An Ambitious Woman.")	NATHAN C. KOUNS,
JAMES R. GILMORE.	(Author of "Arius the Libyan.")
ANNA K. GREENE,	PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.
(Author of "The Leavenworth Case.")	LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.
JOHN HABBERTON,	E. P. ROE.
(Author of "Helen's Babies.")	HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
	A. W. TOURGÉE.

THE PRINCIPAL OFFICE OF THE CONTINENT IS NOW AT 23 PARK ROW, NEW YORK. Mail Matter not so addressed is necessarily delayed, and is far more likely to be lost altogether than if sent direct. Editors of exchanges, publishers of books intended for review, and ALL CORRESPONDENTS will please note the change. The Philadelphia office will be kept open for the reception of subscriptions and advertisements, but parties who have to address us by mail should do so at the New York office.

AN irate Michigander wants to know what right the government has to tax the people of Michigan to educate the negroes of South Carolina. Just exactly the same right it had to tax the people of South Carolina to educate the children of Michigan, for it should not be forgotten that in all the new states of the West the lands devoted to school purposes in each township were donations from the national domain contributed by the whole country to the education of the people of the state in which they were located. A Western man is the last man in the world who should raise such an objection.

MR. MACDONALD, the author of last week's interesting essay on "A Scottish-American in Ireland," adds the following paragraph about the Irish banking system. Americans, in considering the salaries paid to bank clerks in either country, will, at least, know where not to look for their own, too numerous, absconding cashiers and directors.

"It may easily be imagined that Ireland is not a particularly good field for banking. The social position, however, of bank officers is higher in Ireland than in Scotland, and their official position entitles them as a rule to entry among the best families. The reason of this, of course, is easily explained. The staff of the banking fraternity is largely recruited from the upper classes, who in Scotland and England would only place their sons in a banking establishment as a last resource. It is but fair to the Irish banks to say that they pay their juniors much better than do the Scotch banks, whose scale of remuneration to that class is simply disgraceful, and that the Irish banks bestow all the rewards of promotion on their own officers—a practice which also compares favorably with that of the Scotch banks. Men of experience in both systems say that the more enlightened Irish system produces a superior class of officers and a better managed business than is usual in either of the sister kingdoms. A rather stiff examination is required to be passed by the candidate for an apprentice clerkship in an Irish bank, and his salary is fixed for the first three years at \$350, \$400, and \$450 (Bank of Ireland scale), as against \$50, \$75 and \$100 usually given to the Scotch apprentice."

A PARTIALLY practical answer to the following letter may be found in Wilton Burton's report of a personal narrative on page 243 of our present number. Individual experiences regarding the virtues and vices of the black race and general conclusions differ, if possible, more widely still. The author of "Enduring the War" is a Southerner, and almost every one, Northern or Southern, who has had a Southern experience has, or if he kept his eyes open ought to have, met instances sufficiently similar. We are bound to say that such characteristics as are mentioned in our correspondent's letter may be found also in varying degrees of plenitude in different Southern communities. Whether our correspondent has been correctly informed concerning Mrs. Stowe's later conclusions we are not prepared positively to say.

"I have been living in this part of the South (Houston, Texas) for thirteen years. Having no prejudice against the colored brother, I have been striving to find one who possesses some of the characteristics of those you portray in your books. If you can possibly tell me of any individual who has principle and a desire to act right as man to man, let me know, and I will guarantee a comfortable home and good wages, and even promise to support him till death? I only long for the time to return and live North again. I have treated them better than whites; nursed them in sickness; paid doctor's bills and medicine, and received only ingratitude. I say the Southern people are slaves themselves, and are living under a curse. Now Texas is filled with Northern people, who would treat them well and pay them well. I have heard that since Mrs. Stowe has a plantation herself she says, 'If she had owned one before, Uncle Tom's Cabin would never have been written.' There are hundreds of homes for your righteous negroes right here, and how we would welcome them; but do not mock us in your writings by your impossible creations. I am a subscriber to THE CONTINENT, and have read your works."

THE many who will turn eagerly to the long analysis of Matthew Arnold, lately given in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, will find in it all the characteristics of Mr. Henry James's most brilliant style. If grace and finish and intuitive selection of the word best fitted for each shade of meaning, if full understanding of much that Arnold has sought to accomplish, and an entire sympathy with a portion of his aims and methods were all that were needed, then Mr. James's summary would be almost the final word, and will be so, to his increasing army of adherents. Yet, as usual, he begins anywhere and ends nowhere. He works always on the surface, and his brilliant periods hold a phosphorescent rather than any vital and cheery flame. He is the ultimate expression of the highest training the century affords, made powerless for real growth or help for his readers, from the fact that he has neither beliefs nor convictions on any point of real spiritual significance. It is probable that he has a soul, and—though no indication of the fact has ever been given—sympathies and even aspirations, but his influence, is a deadening—never a quickening one. The gospel of negation has never had a more seductive expounder. American critical work is more and more tinctured with this spirit, and it is a deeper pleasure, therefore, to find now and then a real voice speaking out of the cloud that seems to have settled down upon many things that hold small significance for the critic of to-day. Mr. Joel Benton has as broad a culture at many points as Mr. James; and he has what has never been the latter's portion—real insight into the heart of things. His criticism on Mr. Arnold, lately published in the *Daily Graphic*, holds more truth than any word yet spoken, but keen as is its dissection of Arnold's thought of Emerson and its shortcomings, it is yet filled with sympathetic understanding. The best word that America has to speak is voiced in work like this, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Benton may in time have also a following as thoroughly influenced by his gentle yet always just and even incisive methods, as the larger constituency of Mr. James.

THERE are several important English dictionaries now in preparation. One of them, the Philological Society's dictionary, is chiefly historical; aiming to show when each word was introduced, and to give at least one example of its use in every succeeding century. In order to find examples a great many books have been read by members of the society, and by volunteer helpers in both England and America. Three and a half million quotations have been copied out, each on a separate slip, all arranged in the alphabetical order of the words; and the printing has begun. In preparing this material for publication some deficiencies have been found, and an appeal is made to friends to look up special quotations. For some few words no quotation at all appears; they being chiefly rare technical and scientific terms, and for them any example is welcome. But the demand is more frequently for an earlier authority than those on hand; if possible, for one when the word was yet new. Take, for example, the word Asiatic. The natives of other continents are called Australian, American, European and African, but instead of Asian almost everybody says Asiatic. Has this always been so? The earliest instance found thus far is in a book printed in 1631. Was this its first invention, and did Englishmen use some other form of adjective before? or, was Asiatic a word in actual use in 1500 and 1400, or even earlier? Who can tell? Take also the word auntie. When and where did it come into use as

a pet name for aunt? Was it only six years ago? No earlier citation yet appears than 1878. There are also some words obsolete, or apparently so, of which the latest known date is given, and some later example is sought. Such are apostlehood, 1450; applicable, 1742; aquose, 1751; artificious, 1679; assurge, 1657; awkwardish, 1603; balanceable, 1667.

Persons who have time and taste to solve these literary puzzles, find it a very captivating amusement. The writer tried with the word "appositive," for which there was no quotation. Remembering to have seen it in Crosby's Greek Grammar, he looked up the passage and copied: "Rule I. An APPOSITIVE agrees in case with its subject," adding the date of the volume, "Boston, 1847. § 331." Seeking another example, he looked into Professor Gibbs' "Philological Studies," where the nature of apposition is much discussed. The phrase "substantive in apposition" occurs eight times on one small page, interchanged afterward with "noun in apposition." It would have been a grateful variety to have read "appositive" now and then; it would have saved space to the printer and time to the reader, but it was nowhere found. Had it been used by any one before February, 1845—the date of Gibbs' article? Perhaps so; yet several earlier grammars have been searched for it in vain. It has since become so familiar that an adverb was formed from it, *appositively*, as long ago as 1870.

Backsheesh, meaning a present, is a common word in Turkish lands, and has consequently found its way into many English books of travel. An example is wanted earlier than 1781. We find that Richard Chandler used it in his "Travels," published in 1775; and it would not be strange if examples could be found a hundred years earlier.

The dictionary is to be such a large book, perhaps twice the size of Webster, that no new work of the kind can be expected for many years. The more complete it is made the easier it will be for scholars to pursue other more advanced inquiries; such as, what occasion led to the formation of each word. If, for instance, it should appear that the word *Asiatic* was introduced in 1600, and writers previously said *Asian*, we can perhaps discover what influenced them to the change; and thus may be brought to light another of the laws by which men alter their speech, often so mysteriously.

The number of words advertised for in the circular of last August is over nine hundred. The following list is selected for the gratification of those who would like to hunt such game. If examples are found earlier than the date given, they would be made useful to the grand undertaking by copying the passage "with as full a reference as possible to date, author, work, edition, volume, chapter, page, etc.," and sending to James A. H. Murray, Mill Hill, London, N. W., England.

1847 appealingly	1847 associational	1880 avertible
1813 apple-pie order	1812 astraddle	1801 axiomatic
1892 applicant	1870 athletics, -ism	1823 babyish, -ism
1881 appointive	1601 Atlantic	1800 back-ground
1846 appreciable	1650 atlas	1840 back-handed
1858 appreciative	1870 atonable	1822 back-woods
1837 approvingly	1881 atticlest	1857 to badger
1698 April-fool	1871 attractively	1858 baggy
1814 arch-way	1827 auroral	1599 baker's dozen
1832 archaic	1831 autobiographer	1860 bald-eagle
1854 arousal	1809 autobiography	1851 ballet dancer
1860 artistically*	1823 autocratic	1690 ballot-box
1857 ascertainable	1858 automatically	1873 balminess
1780 assee' bridge		



THERE is an uneasy consciousness in the public mind that, in spite of every advance in scientific methods of thinking, we are still very much in the dark as to the best methods in dietetics. The whole subject has been brought into disrepute by the persistent declaiming of a certain class of reformers, who have denounced any catering to the palate as an insult to our higher nature, and set us down to a bill of fare so savorless and monotonous that even its advocates have at times privately revolted. The one good accomplished has been that arising from any extreme presentation. The reformer is necessarily an exaggerator, and can only hold attention by over-statement, and thus it has happened that the school who shrieked if salt came on the table, and grew purple with wrath if butter or eggs or any other amelioration of suffering were permitted, have set people to studying out arguments in behalf of these objectionable elements of civilized meals, and thus opened up to every intelligent man and woman a topic that till the last generation or so had been from the beginning of the world chiefly ignored. The intentional thinkers of all time have always formulated theories as to the influence of food, each one discovering for himself that moderation was the first necessity for coherent and sustained brain-work of any description, while the majority of them have ended usually as more or less ardent advocates of vegetarianism. This latter view having gone through its period of obloquy and derision is again coming to the front, and this time with much more prospect of retaining a firm foothold. It is a modified form, rejecting old absurdities, conceding that a certain amount of flavor or condiment is a necessity, and allowing liberty to each individual to make his own election. The intolerant and denunciatory stage is passed. The reformer has discovered that the law binding on one can never be equally so on another save in its general bearings. The principle is immovable; its application susceptible of a thousand changes, and thus the hygienic cook-book of to-day holds concessions that might make the founders of the school turn in their graves had they not reached a condition in which they probably see and smile at their own limitations quite as heartily as their critics.

Whatever the individual theory may be as to the necessity for meat once or more daily, it is becoming a conviction among the best physicians that its over-use is a large factor in the diseases of modern life. Stall-fed cattle are as certainly diseased as is the overgrown liver of the Strasbourg goose, and our present methods in the way of cattle cars, in which the wretched beasts suffer every torture of fright, hunger, thirst and fever, and come under the knife poisoned and half-dead already from these conditions, put on the market a flesh-food which nine times out of ten is unfit for human stomachs. The vegetarian finds one of his strongest arguments in these facts, and gives every disgusting detail with a relish we can easily pardon. The foulest forms of disease are born of diseased flesh-food, and no matter how strenuously one may believe in its necessity it is well to pause and consider the facts which all may

know, and which make against its over-use for adults and its forming any part of the dietary for little children. The profuse supply of every grain, fruit and vegetable—our range of country and climate giving us the products of every zone—allows constant variety, and with the free use of milk, eggs, butter and oil, certainly includes nourishment as potent and as satisfying as the meat we have determined to believe a necessity. For the poor such food is at once the solution of one of their problems; the meat, which it is one of their strongest ambitions to have three times a day, being replaced by the equally satisfying family of beans, peas, lentils and their tribe. Whoever first persuades the poor to try this diet for a season, and then teach them savory and appetizing modes of preparation, has practically doubled their income; a third of which is now demanded by the meat they are taught to think the first and strongest need.

The volume which serves as text in the present case¹ is a bulky one. It holds in part to the theories of the first and most rigid vegetarians as expounded by Dr. Trall and his school, but the author, Dr. Susanna Dodds, a most successful physician of twenty years' standing, has allowed her experience to mellow original crudities, and gives, in three parts, the various modifications of her theories.

"After more than twenty years," she writes, "of experience and careful observation, the writer is fully convinced that, in order to get the *best possible results from nutrient materials*, we must not ignore those kindred ties among food products which make an agreeable combination; nor must we be oblivious to those *opposite* qualities in them which, by fine contrast, please equally well." To desire to please at all is a startling advance on the old forms; but, turning over the pages, it becomes evident that, even with the simplicity demanded, the table need never seem bare or its dishes unappetizing. Part First holds the "reason why" giving constituents of food, and the argument against flesh diet, over use of condiments, etc.; Part Second has the hygienic dietary, and Part Third the Compromise—this last being the one to which we call the special attention of all rational readers. Such readers having decided for themselves that the dinner of a dozen courses is an abomination, will find here precisely what may best take its place, and will glean from the volume hints that ought to insure long life and good days for every follower of the laws laid down. The ground of the first part is treated even more fully in the excellently translated little book,² which contains a still more pronounced theory, the German investigator having narrowed the limits of the ideal dietary to fruit and bread alone. Both books are worth serious attention, but the first is much more the happy medium between fanaticism and common sense which rational beings will desire to make their own.

THE Macmillans are bringing out a complete edition of Tennyson's works, to which a new portrait of the poet is to be affixed.

THE Rev. Joseph Cook still pours out his Monday lucubrations, and another volume of them will soon appear under the title of "Occident and Orient."

THE Rev. W. R. Huntingdon's "Essay Towards Unity," called "The Church Idea," has just gone into a third edition, E. P. Dutton & Co. being the publishers.

(1) HEALTH IN THE HOUSEHOLD; or, Hygienic Cookery. By Susanna W. Dodds, M.D. 12mo, pp. 602, \$1.50; Fowler & Wells, New York.

(2) FRUIT AND BREAD. A Scientific Diet. By Gustav Schlickeysen. Translated from the German by M. L. Holbrook, M.D. With an appendix. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 227, \$1.25; M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York.

"JULIA" is the title of the new novel by Walter Besant, which is to appear in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Mr. Besant is one of the writers whose work is constantly improving.

THE Queen insists upon retaining and emphasizing all the John Brown passages in her "More Leaves from a Highland Journal," though friends have urged her to suppress at least a portion.

MR. HENRY GEORGE'S "Social Problems" contains, it is said, little not found in his former book, "Progress and Poverty," but is selling with great speed, though not so rapidly as the earlier volume.

THE English edition of Dr. Bucke's biography of Walt Whitman is to have an appendix containing the opinions given of the poet by George Eliot, Tennyson, Ruskin, Trench, Swinburne, and many other notabilities.

A NEATLY made-up seed catalogue comes from Joseph Harris, Rochester, N. Y., which holds the usual attractions, nothing seeming quite so easy as gardening, while the spell of the catalogue still lingers. The Harris seeds have an excellent reputation, and he is the author, also, of several successful books on gardening.

WITH snow falling steadily and winter still triumphant, there is a certain mockery in the sudden appearance of one and another seed catalogue. "Vick's Floral Guide" leads the van, and as usual needs no commendation, its solid merit having long ago given it a firm place in popular affection. The number contains the usual lists of new seedlings in both vegetables and flowers, and with its bright flower frontispiece is quite worthy prominent place on the sitting-room table, while their little magazine has long been a faithful guide in all matters relating to the garden. (James Vick, Rochester.)

A NEW style of cover is described as used in the lately issued *fac simile* edition of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio-Medici." "It is bound apparently between two slabs of oak, beautifully grained and figured in low relief with a graceful scroll pattern. A close examination, however, shows that the wood is not solid, the fact being that some ingenious inventor has discovered a device whereby solid oak (in this case the wood came from an old chest) can be cut in slices about the thickness of drawing paper, so softened as to receive the impression of a stamped pattern, and being then folded over a binding of cardboard, made to present the appearance of carved oak."

MR. JOHN L. STODDARD has delighted so many audiences in the larger cities by his illustrated lectures that he is certain of a good constituency of readers for the book in which three of them have been used. "Red Letter Days Abroad" includes "Travels in Sunny Spain," a full account of "The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau," and "Cities of the Czar." Mr. Stoddard's style is bright and vivacious, degenerating at times into newspaper wit, as in his exaggerated description of the Russian language, but as a whole extremely readable. The book is profusely illustrated, printed on heavy paper, has a handsome stamped cover, and is one of the most satisfactory and pleasing among the gift-books of the season. (8vo, pp. 202, \$3.50; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.)

THE *Springfield Republican* gives the details of a very bold literary fraud which forms the basis of a suit "to be brought by Charles Scribner's Sons of New York against Belford, Clarke & Co. of Chicago. The latter firm are charged with having flooded the country with books under the titles of 'Economy Cook-Book, edited by B. Bush,' and 'How to Cook, by Marion Holmes.' Except by the covers and title-pages these volumes contain exactly the same matter, 150 pages and 170 recipes in each, being taken, word for word, from Marion Harland's 'Common Sense in the Household,' which is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. 'How to Cook' is, moreover, a coarse

but deceptive copy in binding, type, chapter headings, etc., of the well-known kitchen edition of 'Common Sense in the Household.' The Scribners are justly indignant at this violation of the laws of copyright and of common honesty."

THE New Yorker who recalls the old Art Union of thirty years or so ago, and who, perhaps, in some fourth, story room still preserves the engravings of Cole's "Voyage of Life," the delight of his early youth, will smile and sigh at once as he reads of the formation of a new Art Union, with a new generation of artists and a new departure in paintings. The handsome journal, *The Art Union*, the official organ, gives a goodly list of members, honorary and active, the latter including many of our most promising and brilliant artists, and, diverse as is their work, they unite on one common ground—the popularization of art. Each subscriber on the payment of five dollars becomes entitled to the journal, a season admission ticket to the Union's exhibition and the etching of the year. (E. Wood Perry, 44 East 14th Street.)

THE beautifully printed octavo, which makes the fifth and final volume of "The Boy Travelers in the Far East," comes to us under the title of "The Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey Through Africa." By Thomas W. Knox. The work of Mr. Knox is too well known to need commendation. His narrative is always clear and spirited, and he has an honesty not always the portion of compilers, admitting in his preface with a most satisfactory frankness, that while he has traveled in certain portions of Africa, he knows nothing personally of Equatorial regions, and has drawn freely on the work of other investigators. He has known how to choose, and the volume with its excellent maps and profuse illustrations deserves a place on every boy's bookshelf. (8vo, pp. 473, \$2.50; Harper & Brothers.)

MESSRS. PRANG & Co. have introduced into their preparations for the Valentine season something of the advanced art-work for which the public has called so liberally of late in the more familiar form of Christmas and birthday cards. They have chosen an exceedingly attractive subject in Mr. F. S. Church's water-color, "The Lion in Love," which was one of the notable pictures in the Water-color Exhibition of last year, of which they were the purchasers. This they have reproduced in lithograph on satin in a generous size, and have mounted it handsomely on a mat of golden brown plush, adorning the margin with an old gold ribbon, on which is printed in blue these lines by J. Vance Cheney:

"Stronger than tempest, than the tameless sea,
Stronger than time, than life or death may be,
Is tender love—and neck of dreaded powers
She bendeth gently with a chain of flowers."

This is altogether the most beautiful presentation of the tender passion that has been offered to amorous swains within the present generation. If there be a Benedick who cannot make his own verses to his mistress' eyebrows, he cannot do better than to procure "The Lion in Love."

"LIVES OF AMERICAN WORTHIES" is the title of a series published by Henry Holt & Co., several volumes of which have already appeared, while others are in preparation. The names of the authors—W. L. Alden, Charles Dudley Warner, R. J. Burdette and others, who enjoy a reputation as humorists, suggests an element of comicality that is rather startling, taken in connection with the really great names of the "worthies" under consideration. It must be confessed that the series thus far has afforded some rather dreary reading, and we opened John Halberton's "Life of George Washington" in the full expectation of finding it what all sustained attempts at being funny must be—largely a failure. In this we were dis-

appointed, for it is by no means in the comic vein. It is perhaps best described as the story of Washington's life as it might be told to a family circle by a grave, wise, witty man, familiar with the subject, and able to talk. The following sentence is a telling instance of the style of the narrative. It is *apropos* of Washington as the step-father of the Custis children: "When Miss Custis was on her death-bed her step-father was not ashamed to spend a great deal of time on his knees in prayer for her recovery. Indeed, he seems never to have outlived the habit of praying. Like every other man of noble nature, high aspirations and trying experiences, he frequently came upon times when the Almighty was the only being to whom he could talk without being misunderstood."

In his last book of travels ("Among the Holy Hills") Henry M. Field, D.D., brings the same characteristics that make him, in many respects, a model guide to whatever land he traverses. Always as fresh as he is instructive, as picturesque as he is reliable—old, familiar scenes rise before us in all their reality as we follow his genial lead through city and field, in the desert or among populous places. It might be better if Mr. Field could sometimes dissociate himself from his profession and see things as an observer merely; but it is not as an observer only that he travels. His reverential spirit embellishes the places he visits with those sacred associations which throw an ineffable halo over the noted places in Palestine "hallowed by the life and death of the Master." He purposed to follow that life from its beginning among the hills of Nazareth, through Samaria and Gallilee where he taught the common people who heard him gladly, along the lake shore where dwell the humble fisher-folk, into the streets of Jerusalem, and then from Gethsemane to Calvary where he bowed beside pilgrims of the humblest class. Here he observed that "those who come oftenest and linger longest, in such a place of silence and meditation, are the poor in this world who are rich in faith, to whom life is a burden heavy to be borne, and to whom religion is the only consolation." The veteran traveler gives a guide-book in this volume, which one who is about to go East can hardly do without. The trained powers of observation and description are here put to use, and those things are told in a succinct manner which we most need to know. The interest never dies, and the style, though too highflown at times, rarely sinks to the level of the commonplace. Narrative and incident break up the monotone of description, and the handful of wild flowers gathered along the hills and fields of Palestine are yet wet with the morning dew. (Crown 8vo, pp. 243, \$2.00; Charles Scribner's Sons.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

DIANE CORVAY. No Name Series. 16mo, pp. 314, \$1.00; Roberts Brothers.

SOME OTHER FOLKS. By Sarah Pratt McLean. 16mo, pp. 237, \$1.25; Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston.

THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 16mo, pp. 237, \$1.00; Roberts Brothers.

LUTHER. A Short Biography. By James Anthony Froude. Paper, pp. 80, 30 cents; Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE NAZARENE. A Poem. By George H. Calvert. Square 18mo, pp. 64, 50 cents; Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A BACHELOR'S TALKS, About Married Life and Things Adjacent. By William Alkman, D. D. 12mo, pp. 273, \$1.50. Fowler & Wells.

A LITTLE GIRL AMONG THE OLD MASTERS. With Introduction and Comment by W. D. Howells. Oblong, pp. 65, \$0.00; James R. Osgood & Co.

WITH THE POETS. A Selection of English Poetry. By P. W. Farrar, D. D., Canon of Westminster. 12mo, pp. 230, \$1.25; Funk & Wagnalls.

FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS. A Manual of Hygiene for Women and the Household. By Mrs. E. G. Cook, M.D. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 292, \$1.50; Fowler & Wells.

HAND-BOOK FOR FRIENDLY VISITORS AMONG THE POOR. Compiled and Arranged by the Charity Organisation Society of the City of New York. Square 16mo, pp. 83, 50 cents; G. F. Putnam's Sons.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A Valentine.



Wert thou a Roman maiden
And I thy lover true,
How could I, dear, most rightly
Thy sweet affection woo?
Perchance 'twould be the simplest,
The most successful way
To take thee 'neath the mellow moon
And murmur "*Amo te.*"



Wert thou, my dear, a maiden
From France's sunny land,
How should I then, thy lover,
Seek favor from thy hand?
How could I woo thee, dear one
How better could I frame
The ardent love I bear thee
Than by whispering "*Je t'aime.*"

Wert thou a German maiden
With deepest eyes of brown,
I'd wish I were a king, dear,
So thou couldst share my crown.
My heart would break, my dear one,
And thou shouldst say me nay,
"*Ich liebe dich,*" I'd falter,
E'en to my dying day.



Thou'rt none of these, my dearest;
American thou'rt born;
Thy eyes are blue as heaven,
Thy hair like golden corn.
Thy hands are white and slender,
And e'en the stars above thee
Are not more true than I, dear heart,
When soft I say "*I love thee.*"

J. M. LIPPMANN.



